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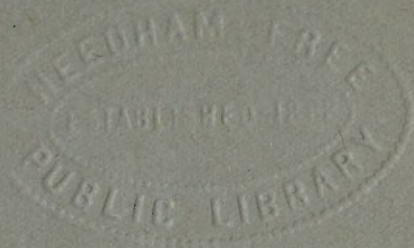
Needham, Mass.

The Advocate



Commencement
1921

19994



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a success

1921 Advocate Staff

Old Glory

Oh Flag! Thou symbol of truth sublime,
Thy noble birth writ in deed divine;
From what were thy blood red emblems drawn?
Thy glittering stars and white stripes born?
Thy beauty proclaims thee loviest of all;
The splendor of others before thee fall.
Though in battle and strife thy sons gladly die,
Their eyes still behold thee exultantly fly.

What laws, oh Flag, do thy folds represent,
Of justice and liberty, peace and content!
What lofty ideals are by thee portrayed,
That make countless thousands to dwell unafraid.
Of courage and bravery in plenty thou hast,
So when comes a crisis thou art unsurpassed.
Above old Fort Henry thou tossed to and fro,
Waving defiance in face of the foe.

Oh, Flag of my country! Thou hast ne'er known retreat,
When on field of battle, the foe thou didst meet;
Marching to victory with one aim in sight,
Of defeating all wrong and establishing the Right.
Holding thy ground whenever attacked,
Never yielding the least for what e'er thou lacked,
But fluttering gaily as the smoke clears away,
Always victorious for ever and aye.

So hurrah, for Old Glory, the Flag of the Free!
The standard of order and true liberty!
Honored and revered in all foreign lands,
Ready for action when duty commands;
Blinding us all as a great nation still,
Leading us forward in the paths of good will.
No tyrant shall invade and destroy our fair land,
So long as our guide is the Almighty hand.

Francis Eaton '23

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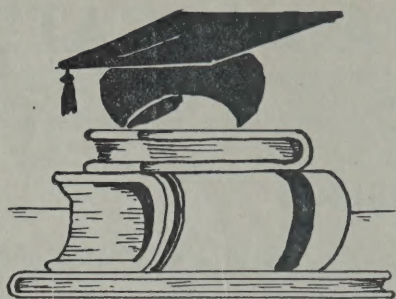
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EDITORIALS

The Only Way to Wisdom

One evening as the sun was beginning to sink in the West an old man was plodding along the road. On his back was a pack which seemed to burden him greatly. Many times he stopped to pull a red bandanna from his pocket and wipe his hot moist brow, but inevitably he resumed his lonely way. He passed little, cozy homes which, in his eyes, looked very inviting but he never allowed himself to be tempted. As the dusk grew deeper, one could scarcely discern the bent form. Soon a whistle was heard and then a firm step coming down the road and as the whistler came nearer the old man hailed him, "How much further is it to the next village?"

"Just a short ways," came the answer. "Want a lift?"

"No thanks," and the old man went on. He stopped once, seating himself on a stone and it seemed as if he could not go further. But he appeared to have immortal strength,—always plodding. At last gleamed the lights of a village. A happy smile lit up the old Man's face.

I suppose you are wondering what my aim is in writing this extract. You might compare my character to yourself, a pupil in the High School: the road, to the course to be overcome, for that's what it is; the burden, to the lessons to be learned; the red bandanna, to vacations which bring temporary relief; the whistler, to a willing helper who wants to aid you; and the village reached, at last to the end of the year. For such a road is the only way to wisdom.

W. Butler.

SUCCESS--What Is It?

People often speak of success, but do they ever stop to think of its meaning and of how it may be attained?

The key to success lies in the amount of perseverance and ambition that a person may have. If he does not possess such a quality the long road to the top certainly will be a difficult one and full of drudgery.

Many people have been ambitious enough to learn, but did not concentrate definitely upon their studies. Many individuals, also, have traversed the difficult passages and almost reached the top when there was a miss, and the student became discouraged as success seemingly faded away forever.

There is the old proverb, "Try, try again." Some have tried and some have succeeded. You may recall to mind Robert Bruce, who, famed in Scottish lore, tired and worn from continual defeats, crawled into a shed to rest. While there he watched a spider desperately strive to cast a thread across an intervening space. Six times did he try, and six times did he fail, but undaunted he cast it again. This time it reached the other side. Robert Bruce learned a great lesson from this spider; not to become discouraged. He arose, went to battle and gained a great victory over his foes.

If we build up our knowledge on a weak foundation we are sure to become top heavy and fall with a smash. We must take each step with determination and with a thorough understanding of it as we proceed, so that we can secure a firm base for future reliance.

In the Revolutionary War when Cornwallis obtained a foothold in the south, with the British forces occupying New York, and Washington with his little band of ragged Continentals freezing to death at Valley Forge, for the lack of food and clothes, everything looked black for the new nation struggling for existence.

Washington was baffled by these problems as well as by defeat being surrounded by the British, and by his soldiers deserting his ever diminishing army. These and a great many more were the obstacles with which he had to contend; but, he persevered and saw a gleam of light leading to a glorious future.

Other men of equal responsibility when it comes to a test can find clear sailing if they are steadfast, keep their nettle, and do not forget their duty.

Students preparing their life work sometimes forget their quest and study only hard enough for a passing mark. Others reaching out for higher ideals utilize every opportunity that appears.

General Grant pursued that very course in the Civil War. He rose from the ranks to become the commander of the Union Armies. He possessed great executive ability, determination, and never faltered in his chosen path, as shown by his famous slogans: "Unconditional surrender;" and, "I intend to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

In discussing the leaders of the present day we find that President Wilson is credited with saying: "The leaders of mankind are those who lift their eyes to the illumined future." Those who do not look ahead into the future but are contented with what they have at the present moment, will not amount to much.

President Harding also quotes: "The man who faces the future with the highest assurance is he who has noted the paths which made his progress secure." Both of these men are right. They have risen through the ranks of men who could equal them if they had made the most of an opportunity when it presented itself.

And so it lies with the person himself. If he is to reach the goal of success high over the

heads of some people, but relatively near if they wish to grasp it, he must begin at the bottom with a solid foundation, with each step firmly in place, and with a determination to win.

F. Eaton.

To Next Year's Staff

In publishing our last Advocate, the staff wishes to thank the Associate Editors for their help and contributions, and at the same time give a few suggestions which we think will be of benefit in publishing next year's Advocates. In the first place, we hope you will follow the example we have set by putting out a Christmas number and a Commencement number. Other classes before, have published either one a year, or in one case, three. Through our experience this year, however, we find that by making an effort on these two we are able to meet with greater success in material and hence greater selling success. In later years Needham High will probably have a monthly magazine or paper, but with the present enrollment of the school this is impossible. This year an Exchange Column has been built up with over fifty high schools, whose location ranges as far West as Globe Arizona. The last column of this kind was carried on by the 1914 Advocate. As one can see by reading the comments in the Exchange section our project has been a great success. It is up to next year's staff to see that this work is continued and, if possible, that more high schools be added to our already long list. Good luck to the 1922 staff!

Staff of 1921.

Memorial Park

A remarkable display of public spirit and community interest has been shown during the past month or two, and undoubtedly will continue in the years to come. Never in the history of our town has there been a spectacle equal to that on memorial park the 19th of April. The so-called modeling of a park is a stupendous feat for mere citizens as compared to professionals. However, overlooking all criticisms and praises, the "park" is progressing in such

manner as to cause everybody to look forward to its completion with expectancy.

This feeling of anticipation is probably more prominent among high school and advanced grammar school students. For, if the remarks of the town fathers have any foundation, it will be the high school sports that will profit by the new athletic fields to be included in the park.

Probably the most important reason why we feel thankful to the town is that we shall be able to add to our list of sports such desirable features as hockey, tennis, basketball, and track. Thus it will be possible to offer our opponents a field equal, and in many cases superior to their own. Now, may it be said that the high school as a body pledges its support in this community project.



Alumni at Community
Day.
April 19th

LITERATURE

Smuggled Jewels

The beach was a desert heap of sea and stones tumbling wildly about. The sea did what it liked and what it liked was destruction. A clammy and intensely cold mist made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another, as the waves of an unwholesome sea might do. It was dense enough to shut out everything.

It was here that the most insidious smuggling plot in years was being perpetrated.

I am the great detective, Shemlock Foams of the Scotland Yards. Now that the whole thing is over I suppose I may tell the whole story.

I have a young friend, Cant B. Beet, by name, who, at one time, was intensely interested in my line of work. He even went so far as to join the "Amateur Detectiff Agency" of London. Of course as a detective he realized that he must always be alert and keen and his extraordinary keenness may, perhaps, account for his amazing adventure with smugglers.

One day as he was leaving Charing Cross in the train he noticed two peculiar looking men entering the compartment behind him. Unconsciously, photographing their faces in his mind he settled down to read lesson, number five, Amateur Detectiff Course. The low rumble of voices behind him, however, annoyed him so much that he could not concentrate, even with his unusual mental powers. So he closed his book and tried to see how much of the conversation he could overhear, above the rumble of the cars.

"A jewel in each package. Fifty——case.

Dover express to——." Was all that he could catch.

"Ha." he exclaimed, his fertile imagination already active. This may be interesting. Why should they hide jewels in packages? To escape the duty, of course! Well, my friends, it won't work if Cant B. Beet has anything to say.

Listening again he heard, "——sell cheap ——added inducement.

"Oh ho!" thought the young man, so you think the romantic women will buy up your jewels more quickly when they know they were smuggled! I'll keep my eye on you two alright!

When Dover was reached my young friend warily watched the departure of his two suspects and then followed them.

The taller of the two was very dark. His smooth shaven face was tanned as from the tropical sun. He wore a green felt hat, a dark green suit and low cut chocolate shoes. His companion, a much shorter man, was also very dark. His black eyes flashing under beetling brows, were full of mystery. His face, smooth with the exception of a small black mustache was ashy grey. He was dressed in shabby black.

Beet followed them into the crowd but there he lost them.

His brain was confused as to his proper duty. Undoubtedly he had uncovered a plot against his government. Should he report it to the police, the custom officials, or work it out himself. Allegiance to his country made it seem best to hand the case over immediately. His

own desire to try out his ability as a detective overcame him.

"I will work on this case for two days but if I am successful I will hand it over to the government!" he soliloquized. Then a memory came over him of a serial story he had read in an American weekly. In it, there had been smugglers who dropped their boats from the rail of an incoming ship. The articles, wrapped in waterproof packages and held up by tiny floats, had been easily gathered up by colleagues in an open boat. These men had been discovered by a clever young fellow who lay in wait for them. He, too, would watch the shore for mysterious boats and unusual activity on the water. Of course they would work at night.

That night, down to the water, Beet secreting himself behind a large rock, patiently took up his vigil. All night long he watched and waited. All night long silence prevailed. All was peaceful on the shore. Nothing disturbed the quietude save the restless lapping of the waves on the rocky shore. When dawn came a disappointed amateur crept back to his hotel.

"Could it be possible that he had not worked out the plan correctly?" he feminated. "Were the smugglers carrying on their plans in some other way?" He decided to wait and listen one more night. This time he had not been long in his hiding place when two men came strolling along the shore. A match flared as the taller of the two figures lighted a cigar and this bit of light revealed to the watchful detective the face of one of his suspects. "Ah truly, reward comes to those who wait," he exclaimed under his breath.

Listening intently he heard one say to the other, "The first shipment will leave Dover to-morrow. We'll have a little celebration and watch it go off wishing it success."

"Yes," said the other, "the train leaves at ten-five, from track ten."

The voices died away in the distance. Bewildered but delighted, Beet hurried back to his hotel. He would catch these men and their first shipment on the morrow. Track ten at ten-five. He would be there and so would the custom officials. This would end the smugglers

little scheme and land them in jail for a long term.

At ten, the two men of mystery strolled nonchantly into the station. They boarded the train and hurried to the baggage car. There they were carefully examining a large case when Beet and two officers approached.

"We've got you now, Hands up!"

You're arrested for smuggling jewels!" asserted one official. "Grant open that case!"

"Yes, yes, hurry up!" urged Beet. "You'll find a jewel in each package!"

"Jewels! Smuggling!" hotly declared the men in unison. "Why that's our first shipment of prize candy and we just came down to see if it was properly addressed and labeled."

Out of The Frying Pan

CAST

M. Fuller Bunk, a young saphead.

Mr. Jay Bunk

Parents of Fuller

Mrs. Jay Bunk

Professor O. Howe Wise, teacher at Socumb College

Miss Verie Wise, his daughter

Ichabod M. Smart, senior at Socumb

Two Nurses at Podunk Hospital

Scene I

Parlor of Professor Wise, Miss Verie Wise sits on a sofa, trying to yawn and eat chocolates at the same time. Ichabod M. Smart is on his knees proposing in Greek. She silences him with a glance.

Scene II

Front hall in Mr. Bunk's home, one o'clock in the morning. Light burns low. Mr. Bunk paces the hall with stern face and set jaw, wringing his hands. Mrs. Bunk weeps silently. Enter Fuller dressed stylishly, in a purple suit, yellow shirt, and saffron tie, hat on one side of head and cigarette in opposite side of his mouth.

Fuller: "Gee, dad, I've been to a peach of a show! Y'otta seen the Jane I had with me too! Some baby, I'll tell the world!"

Mr. Bunk: "Such unseen language! And

a cigarette! Throw it away now! You should have been in bed four hours ago. How often have I told you—"

Fuller: "Aw, gee, can't a feller have a good time—"

Mr. Bunk: "No back talk. Go to bed immediately."

Fuller grows saucy. Mr. Bunk drags him to bed by the coat collar.

Scene III

Two days after, Campus of Socumb College. Fuller with three bags of books goes down path to dormitory. Meets Ichabod M. Smart.

Fuller: "I say, old dear when does the old crab gas on math?"

Smart stops, regards Fuller over his glasses and says, "I am unable to comprehend you, sir. Do you wish to be informed what time Professor Wise instructs freshmen in Mathematics?"

Fuller: "That's the chatter. When is it?"

Smart: "At ten a. m. precisely."

Fuller: "Thanks awfully, old thing."

(Miss Wise enters, Fuller sees her)

Fuller: "Oh gee, who's the swell dame?"

Smart, dilating with pride: "My friend"

Fuller: "Introduce me, will ya?"

Smart: I cannot,—she will speak to no one who uses slang."

Miss Wise approaches; requests introduction. She meets Fuller, who then leaves. She inquires of Smart who the handsome stranger is. Smart says he is an ignorant Freshman.

Scene IV

Evening of the same day. Dormitory reception room, students lounging in corners. Fuller enters as in Scene II. Meets Ichabod Smart. Smart reproves him for smoking. Fuller tells him to dry up. All students immediately mob him. Lecture him on cigarettes and slang. Enter Professor Wise. Overhears argument. Threatens Fuller with expulsion unless he will be more dignified.

Scene V

Two days after. Same as Scene I. Doorbell rings. Fuller is ushered in. Miss Wise

appears relieved to him. Ichabod and Fuller look daggers at each other. Fuller begins to converse interestingly with Miss Wise on philosophy. She forgets Ichabod in her interest in Fuller. Ichabod leaves house in rage.

Scene VI

Same day as Scene V at office of Mr. Bunk. He sits with feet on desk, gazing at the ceiling. Enter Professor O. Howe Wise. Mr. Bunk removes his feet to admit more light for visitors. Gives Professor a chair. Inquires about the boy.

Professor Wise says profoundly, "He's doing very well sir. His deportment has improved greatly since he came and his scholarship is excellent. He is in my mathematics class, and is the only one who understands Einstein's theories."

Mr. Bunk: "I'm much pleased at this report—very much pleased. If ever I can help you in any way, such as handing you fifty cents, let me know."

The Professor says that he really would like to borrow the price of a plate of beans. Mr. Bunk instead of lending the money, takes him to dinner.

Scene VII

Three months after. The parlor of Professor O. Howe Wise. Miss Verie Wise weeps softly into a pail, and wipes her eyes with a shirt, as Fuller bids her good-bye. Suddenly he proposes. She falls on his neck and accepts him immediately. Ichabod enters. He inquires the cause of the seeming confusion; and proceeds to talk to Verie in Greek. She throws herself on Fuller's protection, and implores aid. He ejects Ichabod from the window and delivers her from the arch-bore.

Scene VIII

Next day. The Bunk's front hall. Mr. Bunk walks up and down nervously. Mrs. Bunk tries to look composed. Door bell rings. In walks Fuller dressed in Prince Albert coat, white vest, stiff bosom shirt, standing collar, white tie and tall silk hat. Side whiskers adorn face. Bows to father and mother, and says,

"My honored parents, great is my pleasure in returning to the ancestral domicile.

Mr Bunk interrupts: "Tell us quickly, what has happened. Why the swell rig-out?"

Fuller: "Father I beseech you not to use slang. Say not, 'Why the swell rig-out,' but explain the motive which incited you to don this festal garb."

Mrs. Bunk goes into hysterics. Mr. Bunk says, "Never mind how you say it but tell us why."

Fuller: "Father I cannot privaricato; I am betrothed.

Mr. Bunk fiercely: "To whom."

Fuller: "To the fair daughter of our worthy Professor O. Howe Wise."

Scene IX

Twenty minutes after at The Podunk Hospital. Two nurses in office.

First nurse: "Who are the new cases?"

Second nurse: "Haven't you heard? Very sad. The man has apoplexy and insipient lunacy. The woman, heart failure and hysterics. Bad combination."

First nurse: "What is the cause?"

Second nurse: "Nothing except that their son—you know him. Fuller Bunk has been educated."

A Strange Story

Chapter I

In the first place Gordon Martin was the only son of a multi-millionaire and could do just about as he pleased. In the second he was an artist in every sense of the word, and to conclude, he was extremely good-looking.

Gordon had a bank account which totalled to about nine million dollars and nobody thought anything about it dwindling down to seven and a half millions during his fifteenth year.

The truth of the matter was that Gordon had ordered built for himself many secret passages from his magnificent suite of rooms down far below the surface of the ground where there was the most wonderful palace ever known—a vision of delight, surpassing even that of "Monte Cristo". It was the headquar-

ters of a secret organization which he had founded, the purpose of which he himself did not quite know.

The queer part of the whole affair was that the seeming head of the organization was a girl, at least one surmised as much from the voice and figure, for the face was impossible to see as it was always veiled heavily. When approaching quite near, one could get the faint odor of jasmine in his nostrils.

There were only a few times when Gordon was known to be a trifle excited, and that was when he received a certain male caller who usually came to play billiards with him and who sometimes stayed to dinner, many times even to mid-night. This guest was Robert Norton, a wealthy and handsome young fellow of about sixteen who also was a member of the "society".

Among Gordon's acquaintances there was a young chap who seemed to pride himself on being a "bore" and "general nuisance" always butting in on "love scenes" some moonlit night in the sunken garden, or telling age old "funny" stories, but being of one of the "best" families had to be invited to parties and dances to divert hard feelings.

It seemed that at every time he was invited any place, somethings invariably was missing after he had gone. Was Jack Laprelle a thief? Gordon determined to find out, and so when the evening came for a formal party, he anticipated that Jack would come into the most valuable room in the house "The Silver Room" in which reposed very valuable, ancient silver dishes protected from marauders by highly perfected burglar alarms. Gordon entered a secret passage which led beside the room and from which it was possible to view what was going on in the room, without a possibility of being seen. He had to wait a few moments before Jack entered the room. The latter came swiftly and noiselessly and examining closely a small silver statuette of "Minerva" whereupon he thrust it into his pocket and left the room. Inside the statuette Gordon well knew was the secret of the organization, and the passages to the palace below. He must stop him from reading those papers because they were written in English

and he might even now be entering one of the passageways. Suddenly he heard a soft step behind him. He turned swiftly and there stood Jack Laprelle grimly staring at him.

Chapter II

"Huh, you thought nobody'd find out about it didn't you," he snapped. "Well I'll tell you what I'll do. If you permit me to be a member of this club I'll return these papers and the statue to you; if not, well, I know now one way to get to that palace of yours," with which he stepped from view around a turn of the passage.

Gordon told his friend Robert about the episode, and was advised to let Jack join the club a proceeding which Gordon approved.

One of the peculiar things about Gordon was that he never "went" with any girl, and was not to anyone's knowledge, enamoured of any damsel. He usually succeeded in having a very good time wherever he went, not wholly on account of his money but also because of his personel attractiveness and character.

But to come back to our story, "Miss Jasmine" as she had been termed by the members of the club, the mysterious little lady who was acting as the leader or head of the club, took Jack's admission to the association as a matter of course and asked no questions.

* * * * *

My dear readers please do not think it took three years to make the above stars, they are only there to indicate that a period of three years has elapsed.

Gordon's club was still flourishing and Jack had grown out of petty theiving and had taken up bigger things. Robert had grown better-looking, but Gordon had remained the same.

To come back to Robert. He was deeply smitten with little "Miss Jasmine" and had spent many moonlit evenings with her in the "Secret Garden" which was directly behind Gordon's home, and he was the only one that had seen her face, which was truly very beautiful indeed.

Chapter III

Gordon Martin was full of strangenesses, one

of which was this: he was never seen when "Miss Jasmine" was around. Whether he disliked her or not no one could tell, as he was mannerly enough to keep his dislikes to himself, yet there was something in his attitude whenever her name was mentioned that quickly changed the subject. Another one of his idiosyncrasies was that he never had his hair cut short by any barber or by anyone for that matter, and it was usually long, but not of such a length that it looked unkempt.

Jack Laprelle had turned traitor to the club. He had planned to steal the club's treasury which amounted to something over \$100,000. To do this he would have to secure the plans of the treasure vault, and the formula for opening it from the tiny statuette in the "Silver Room". He had planned his robbery for the 23rd of July, on a Thursday, which happened to be Robert's night with Miss Jasmine.

eagerly for the evening to draw near. After what seemed like years of waiting, the day ended and Robert went out to the garden to meet his "lady-love".

Robert met Gordon in the garden and so he therefore knew that "she" wasn't about. Gordon had news. He had seen skulking shadows around the entrance of one of the passages and suspected something. They entered another passage and quickly descended to the culb.

All was silence. Not a sound could be heard, when suddenly Gordon whispered, "Look the shadows by the treasury vault. They're members of the club, because only members know where the vault is." (The shadows had swiftly changed to human beings when a flashlight glowed.

Gordon crept nearer without making the slightest sound, when steps were heard. The thieves suddenly stopped working and flashed out the light.

"Guess they come down here, Bill, all right," said one of the newcomers, in a husky whisper. "Better go back and get the gang. I'll wait here, 'cause I don't relish goin' down in the place alone."

"What do you make of it Bob?" asked Gordon. "Probably followed us down here and in-

tend on getting a big scoop, like the other gang."

Just then a deafening crash was heard, and Gordon flashed on the lights. He had pressed a button which removed a portion of the floor, thinking that the gang might be on it. He was aggravatingly unfortunate because the gang was just on the other side staring in astonishment across the chasm. The crash had been the noise of a falling vase. A terrible fight ensued and the gang headed by Jack Laprelle was slowly making headway toward Robert and Gordon. Robert's head was badly wounded and he was extremely weak from loss of blood. Gordon was putting up a good battle with Jack, kicking and clawing. Robert soon came to his rescue when the most astonishing thing happened. Gordon put his hand to his head snatched off his hair, and tumbling luxurious hair was revealed. Gordon Martin was Miss Jasemine!

Just then a loud thumping was heard, and a squad of policemen came running in the room, all yelling and gesticulating madly, disappointed at not being in the fight.

One of the policemen explained, "Oh, we suspected them birds for a long time and got a tip to come here tonight."

There is only one possible ending to such a story and this is it. Miss Jasemine (whose real name was Alice) and Robert were just naturally married and evidently had a wonderful time afterwards, if we may judge by appearances.

Mr. Magruder's Wife

("Out of the Hurly Burly")

ONE ACT PLAY

Time:—Early evening.

Place:—Living room of the Magruder Residence.

Dramatis Personae

Mr. Magruder—An American husband of the "hen-pecked" variety, about thirty-five or forty years old.

Mrs. Dr. Magruder—His wife, rather a masculine woman, and a professor in the "Woman's Medical College."

Mr. Magruder's Brother—Just an ordinary man.

Ladies of the Sewing Circle—From six to twelve odd females of various types.

(The living room of the Magruder home is similar to that of any modern American home of the middle class. At stage left is a closet with door which can be left partly ajar. At stage right a door for entrance to room. Near center stage is a large divan, facing toward audience. Any other furnishings necessary for an ordinary living room may be added. As scene opens Mr. Magruder is pacing nervously back and forth. After a moment the door at stage right opens and Brother enters hurriedly. Mr. Magruder turns on him swiftly.)

Mr. M.—"Did Henrietta see you come in?"

Brother—"No, nor anyone else except the cat; I came in just as you told me, and sneaked up the back way but—for Heaven's sake, man, what ails you?"

Mr. M. (Magruder grins rather sheepishly) "Well, Joe, I suppose this does look like a crazy man's stunt, sending for you this way, but—" (turning toward him) "I'll tell you the horrible truth. I believe my wife is trying to poison me, so that she can have my skeleton—so that she can dangle my bones on a string before her medical class!"

Brother (Joe looks his astonishment)—"Come, come, Sam, you must have been drinking too much of that 'hooch' you opened last night. And anyway, whatever made you think such a thing?"

Mr. M.—"Hooch!" I only wish it was "hooch!" You know how, every evening after dinner, I lay down on this divan for a nap! Well, several times lately, Henrietta has had friends downstairs, while I've been sleeping, and every time, when I wake up my head is so dizzy I can scarcely walk straight, and the room smells like a blooming drug store. And the funny part—every time I've mentioned it to the wife she blushes like a lobster and changes the subject immediately. There is something up and—and I'm getting desperate! (Breathing heavily he throws himself into a chair and buries his face in his palms.)

Brother (Joe looks at him pityingly—"It does look pretty bad, old boy, but what can I

do about it. I'm no she-doctor; and also, you know, she's *your* wife!"

Mr. M. (Mr. Magruder raises his head)—"I'll tell you what you can do. You can just hide yourself in that closet over there and then—then—well, you will at least be able to tell 'em at the trial what you saw!"

Brother (Joe looks doubtful, but evidently thinks it best to humor the "victim")—"All right, just as you say. Only, I wouldn't worry about it."

(The two men go toward the closet and Joe carefully hides himself within it. Magruder sees that all is O. K. and returning to the divan lays down upon it and is soon lost in sleep. A few seconds later, enter Mrs. Magruder, cautiously. She tiptoes to the couch, and, finding her spouse soundly asleep, applies chloroform to his nose and returns to the door thru which she entered. She opens it less quietly and beckons to someone evidently just outside. Almost immediately the "Ladies of the Sewing Circle" file in solemnly in single file. Each carries a different instrument used in the practice of medicine. They range themselves about the unconscious figure of Mr. Magruder, while Mrs. Magruder takes her place majestically at the head of the divan. Joe's head can be seen from time to time, shoved through the opening in the door when his amazement or curiosity overcome his caution. Mrs. Magruder picks up her book, and opening it, begins to speak in her best platform voice.)

Mrs. M.—"Young ladies the lesson this evening is taken from 'Thompson on the nervous system,' chapter five, page thirty-two." (She reads a short passage made up almost entirely of untranslatable medical terms. "Possible I can show you better what I mean by a practical demonstration." (She attaches a galvanic battery to her husband's toes, so that she can make him wriggle before the class. And he does wriggle. She gives him a dozen or two shocks and pokes him with a ruler to make him jump around, while the students stand in a semi-circle, with note-books in their hands, exclaiming "How very interesting!" Magruder's brother nearly comes out to interfere, but evidently

thinks better of it when he remembers that they may want two skeletons at the college.

Mrs. M.—"I think I will pursue this branch of the investigation no further now, as Mr. Magruder's system is somewhat debilitated in consequence of an overdose of testing the strength of the drug. And now, class let us have some general questions on anatomy. For instance, I won, what is called, the heart of Mr. Magruder. Just what was it I won?"

A dignified member of class—"Why, the cardia, of course. It is an azygons muscle of an irregular pyramid shape, situated obliquely and a little to the left side of the chest, and it rests on the diaphragm. A sweet young thing. "Oh, but it doesn't rest on the diaphragm." A less sweet and less young thing—"Well, I'll bet a quart of paregoric that it does!"

(For a moment a storm seems imminent, and the brother looks on, horrified lest they attempt to prove their point by cutting up the unsuspecting sleeper. However, the professor tactfully changes the subject.)

Mrs. M.—"Now, when I accepted Mr. Magruder, he seized my hand. What was it he actually had hold of?"

A plump member of class—"Twenty-seven distinct bones, including the phalanges, the carpus, and the metacarpus, Professor."

The sweet young thing—"He had hold of the deltoid, too!"

"Digney"—"Nonsense, the deltoid is a muscle. Didn't we dissect one this morning?" (The argument becomes heated, and thumb-lancets are drawn, but the professor interferes and firmly removes the dangerous weapons.)

Mrs. M.—"Let us go on with the lesson. What was the result when Mr. Magruder kissed me?"

The sweet young thing: "Why merely a contraction of the oricularis oris muscle." (She leans over and kisses him. Joe seems to think the situation is not quite so solemn for his brother. The students, however are shocked,—scandalized; and they show it, too!")

Mrs. M.—"That will do. (sternly) hereafter, if any point in the lesson need illustration I will supply it. You may go to the foot of the class,

and also you may learn eighty new bones for to-morrow;—(sweet young thing does not budge)—“Do you hear me, miss?”

The Sweet Young Thing: “Yes, I am conscious of a vibration striking against the membrane tympanum, and being transmitted thru the labyrinth until it agitates the auditory nerve, which conveys the impression to the brain.”

Mrs. M.—“Correct. Then obey me, or I will call my biceps and flexors and scapularis into action and put you in your place by force.”

Class: “Yess, and we will help her with our spinatus and infraspinalis.” Mrs. Magruder then proceeds to give the class practice in certain operations in medical treatment. She vaccinates Magruder on the left arm, while some of the students apply leeches to his nose, under the professor’s instructions. They exercise themselves in spreading mustard plasters around; they time his pulse; they hold out his tongue with pinchers and examine it with a microscope; and two or three enthusiastic students keep hovering around Magruder’s leg with a saw and carving knife, until Magruder’s brother in the closet, shudders with apprehensions. Suddenly Magruder begins to revive. He turns over; he sits up; he stares wildly at the company; he looks at his wife; then he sinks back on the sofa and speaks in a feeble voice.)

Mr. M: “Good Lord, Henrietta, what’s up?” (The company and Mrs. Magruder scream, while Joe rushes from the closet, and, seizing a chair, brandishes it in the air.)

Brother: “It’s an outrage, I am. You ought to—” Mrs. Magruder and the class begin to weep, copiously.

Mrs. M: (In a shrill, tearful voice.) “Brute! You don’t have any love for science. and—and—”

Mr. M: “*Hang science!*”

(Quick Curtain)

Let Youth Choose

Characters:

Jack Holmes:—A shiftless, non-ambitious, rich chap.

William Sears:—A sensible, serious, but clever youth.

ACT I

Scene:—A comfortable sitting room in Will’s suite. Will, sitting before a table piled with books, papers, is apparently studying earnestly. Jack, a tall, somewhat handsome, but weak-willed boy, is standing opposite, in fine evening clothes ready to go out.

Jack:—O, come on Will, you’ll have a jolly time and it’s just this once, too? You’ve never cared to go to these dances—it’s funny, I’ll say. Say, you’re young yet and by Jove, you’ve got years to take life so hard. Be a good sport. What’s the use of working so hard. You’ve lots of time, boy, lots of time. Come on, I say!

Will: (still absorbed in work)—Sorry old pal, but I haven’t the time. Haven’t I told you again and again that I can’t keep up the shiftless, easy life you are living? I can’t seem to see any benefit in it, somehow. Sometimes I wish I could—but something keeps turning me. All this stuff seems like a soft dream and when you wake, well, you’re left in the lurch. Now, do you understand my view?

Jack:—Ha-ha, you’re an odd fool. I suppose you’d rather read Shakespeare or some darn foolish soft stuff? You’re only twenty-five, three years younger than I am. You don’t have to work any more than I do. If you need money I’ll help out. You know, I just ask my old man. I tell him that if he doesn’t come across, I’ll come across. He’s a good sort. He’d do anything for me—money—

Will: (interrupting)—Look here, Jack Holmes, if I couldn’t stand on my own feet, and depend on myself, I wouldn’t take away from one who works like Lucifer for it as your father does. Why don’t you help him out? You haven’t enough back-bone.

Jack:—Well, he wanted to see me through college, but I’d rather see Jane, Lou, or take Mae out to dinner. Say, do you think I’d miss this? O! this is the life! Come now, going to-chance to join my society.

Will: (indignantly)—O, blazes! I’ve done this the wrong way. Jack, get away from me—

you and your society. Go away! Who'd ever think you are twenty-eight? No ambition, no prospective future, lazy and senseless! Let's settle now, you go your way—and I mine. Time will tell.

Jack: (regarding watch with cynical smile)—It's 7.30. Gosh, Marion will be disappointed. Well, dance and the world dances with you. Work, and you work alone. So long, old dear!

Will: (after Jack leaves)—He isn't a bad fellow, but by jing, he's digging his own grave. Here he is playing with his best years—no worry, no—O nothing! He's helpless; he can't even "use" a pencil. But he can't keep it up very long. I'm working like the dickens in the office for twenty-eight dollars a week, and he's "throwing" twenty-dollar bills away. I'm satisfied. One show a week is good enough for me. Yet, I'd rather "die one year and live fifty," as dear old "dad" used to say. I'll work up somehow, somewhere, just to get even with the world. Jiminy, it's getting late.

ACT II, Scene II

Time:—Ten years later.

Scene:—In the private office of William Sears, Wall Street's steel magnate. William Sears is looking over some important statements, etc. A messenger boy rushes in: "'Cuse me, boss, but a man wants to see you."

Sears: (crisply)—Tell him I'm very busy. My time is valuable. Sam didn't you tell him I'm not in the habit of receiving "callers?"

Messenger boy: (hesitatingly)—I did, sir, but he said he—knowned-you-once-and his name is Jack Holmes.

Sears: (all attention now)—Jack Holmes—where have I heard that before? (Ponders a moment) Jack—er—O, yes! Back in that suite, ten years ago. The "lots of time you're young yet chap." We were pretty "paly" then. (speaking as if to self) I wonder how far he got with his Society—Mae, Jane, Marion, etc. Say, boy (louder) show him in. (then musing) I suppose he's taking his father's place now.

Enter Jack Holmes—a tall, haggard, weak-looking wreck—shabby and sheepish.

Sears: (after gazing in a dazed manner)—

So you are Jack Holmes! (regarding him keenly) Say, you're a fine specimen of manhood. By the way, Jack—remember when you wanted me to join your society? Rot! Fie!

Jack: (hanging his head shamefully)—Have pity on a poor fool, will you?

Sears:—Pity nothing! You forget that you made yourself what you are. Time will tell you know. I struggled, worked, died these last few years, but I'm on my feet now. I can dance now if I want. You danced your best years away. You remember the good saying, "Dance, but time will get you." I have no pity for you, but it's never too late to start all over again, you know.

Jack:—Will you give me a chance—a lift? I'm a broken good-for-nothing worm. I let "dames and dance" get the best of me. I didn't realize until too late, that the only friend I had was money. I bought everything with it, but, O, Lord forbid—I can't buy youth, health—wisdom! When the worm turned, I woke up. No money, no friends—no help. They sneered at me. They turned their backs on me.

Sears:—Serves you blamed right. You will set an example for other poor fools. I didn't do you any good then—so I can't do any good now. "You're young yet."

Jack:—Have a heart. I came here with the last grain of hope. And you, too, laugh at me?

Sears:—Well, you won't find much here. But I'll give you the chance you should have used years ago when it was better. But you'll have to start like I did. You'll know the value of work and you'll appreciate your dollar more. Probably, (sarcastically) the assistant clerk will show you how to handle your pencil. But you'll have to buckle down.

Jack:—Buckle down! O, man, I'll do anything! How foolish I was. I have no backbone, no—(brokenly) nothing! I'm helpless. I kicked opportunity with my feet. I can't get even with the world. Can't you see that I'm facing my music? It's too late—

Sears:—It's never too late to start! You're on the wrong side of the wall. You've learned a lesson—so I'll set you on your feet. You'll do the rest. "You're young yet."

Jack:—Thanks. Time got me, alright, but I'm going to repent if it isn't too late and (bowing) I'll owe it to God and you.

Sears: (moved by such a forlorn figure, slaps him on the back)—Brace up! What's past is past. You've learned *that* lesson, I hope!

Jack:—I have! But it took me ten years to find out. I'm going to be a different man you see!

Sears:—We'll see! You bet we'll see, Jack. Let's shake on it! (hands clasp).

Curtain.

"The Boy Across the Ile"

or

"Things whitch aint said in the ferst"

May the ateteenth, I hev now gut some more paper an a new botle of ink so I will rite som mor abowt me an Stew. Tooday is thursday. me an Stew are goin to skip skule an play hookey twomoro so we are bein (as teacher ses) Ideel scollars, so we wunt get a thrashin next munday. Stew downt set acros the ile from me enymor. they is a noo gurl come to town an she is in owr grayde and stew is stuck on her so he sits write in bak of her an rites luv notes too her. she is got a dog an her nam is Felice Maree Veer D. Verr an stew is so much stuck on her thet he wunt let enybuddy eltse say a word to her.

Twoday this noon Stew waulked hom frum skul with her an i holerd at him Stew is a sissy an then stew chast me an cot me an blacked my iei an i hev got a peece of beafstake on it too tak the culer owt.

May nine-tenths.

Tooday me an Stew skiped an went fishin in the crik i cot to shiners an a pikrel an Stew cot a hornpowl an 3 eals. bynby we gut tird uv fishin en we thot we wud go in swimin. bynby i wuz standin on the bankin neer the swimin hoal an i fel in. it wuz so warm i holerd to stew too tak of his close whitch he did. then he cum in two.

we swum an dived aroun•fawr a wile an then we cum owt at newn. i set on a rok en gut mi cles awlmoss drie wile Stew swum an div summore but when he cum owt sumboddy hed

tuk hees cles we lukd evryplase forem but they wusn't anyplace aroun so stew didnet dare to go hoam so i tuk of mi cles en we ate sum likrish whitch i hed in mi poket. it didnet taste very gud becuz it wuz kinder wet an soggie but we didnet hev enythin elce so we et it. we swum till 4 oclok when skul wuz owt en then we tuk a coat an pants offen a scarecrow in the field an stew put em on an we went hoam thru the woods. When i gut hoam mi teacher wuz there en after she went hoam ma gimme a likin, stew gut one two he gut one for playin hookey from his ma en a nother for losing his close from his pa.

Maie Twinteeth.

Tuday is Saturday they wuz no skule tuday so me en stew went swimmin in the mornin en this afternoon we went to the movies they were good two. It wuz a cowboy picture the hero wuz a cowboy en he wuz fitin indians they is one good place where it sez he riz his trustie winchester en takin careful ame fired en 55 redskins gut a free tiket to the happy huntin grounds. stew is callin me so i gut to stop.

May twentie ferst.

This is me stew writin now Chick ast me too sleep over to his house tuday and i went over after supper we plaid outside for a little wile en then we went two bed. i woke up in the middle of the night en chick wuz yellin blu merder an then he began too thump his pillar awful i wuz scart but i woke him up an ast him what the mater wus an he sed he wuz fitin indians en i sed he hed been dreamin en he better not go to the movies eny mor if he was took that way reglar.

Maie tmenty sikem.

This is me chick writin agen tuday is munday skule agen tuday. this mornin in skule i chuked a pencil at stew en miss Beene made me set with the girls all the boys larfed en made kissin noises with there mouths, Gee, I wuz mad but bynby Maree (she set sides me) rote me a note en sed do you like kisses en i rote bak No! en she sed well alrite Ile eet em miself en she took out a bag of candy en started to eet it En then i sed i like candie ones so she gimme some en i wusn't mad about settin with the

gurls no more.

Maie twenty 3

It rained today—i didnet do nothing today.

Maie 24rd.

Tuday me en stew went huntin rabbits with his dog we gut out in the woods en the dog chaced a rabbit inter a hollo stump. Stew sed he wood get him en he put his hand in to pull it outit out but befor he cood pull it owt it give a yowl en made a spittin noise en come owt hed ferst en landed on Stew's fase Gee he wus scared he rolled around en hollered Take it off, Take it off it's killin me but befor i gut stopped

laffin it give a jump en chaced off into the woods. Stew gut up en sed gosh i never saw a rabbit like that befor en i sed that wuzn't a rabbit that is old missis Donnel's brown cat who lives in that cabin over in the woods. Stew wuz so mad he went rite home en worden't cum out for the res of the day.

Maie 25 fifth.

I cant rite in mi diry any mor I hev gut to go on a visite at my cousen's house who lives in Bostawn so i will hev to wate till i get bak en rite sum more so goodby till the next time.

HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

WAYNE CLIFTON BARNES



Date of Birth—May 13, 1903.

Place of Birth—Lowell, Mass.

*"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."*

Tarzan is the Class strong man and is entering Springfield Y. M. C. A. to prepare for a partnership with Strongfort. As Captain of the last football team Barnes was a star, and although he suffered quite a few knock-out blows he was always the most strenuous on the field. He is also found among the woman chasers of the class. During the last year his humor has become unbounded, especially in English IV A. (N. B.) Never call on Barnes on a Sunday evening.

Football 2-4 Captain 4.

Senior Play Cast.

Senior Stunt.

WILLIA LAURELLE CASSIDY



Date of Birth—June 19, 1902.

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Willia's rare, and Willia's fair,
And Willia's wondrous bonnie."*

Willia is one of our quiet members. She believes in the saying that "little girls should be seen and not heard." Nevertheless she is very efficient and always letter perfect. Speaking of letters we wonder if certain ones have anything to do with what Willia is intending to do next year.

She says she is intending to be a stenographer. Well, no employer will be able to find fault with her.

Basketball.

English Festival.

ANGUS GORDON CATHIE



Date of Birth—July 28, 1902.

Place of Birth—Dorchester, Mass.

*"Haste thee Angus, and bring with thee,
Jest and Youthful Jollity."*

Angus is one of those fellows who is rather slow to move and whose actions speak louder than words. But perhaps it is business cares and worries that cause this quietness, because you know Angus, besides being a highly efficient railway clerk, has attained much practical knowledge in the pharmacy business. However he has not decided on what he will do on leaving school but if he is as ambitious in the future as he has been in the past, there is a prominent place for him in the business world.

Debating Club 4.

LAWRENCE GEORGE CAULTON

Date of Birth—September 15, 1902.

Place of Birth—Needham Heights.

"And on their own merits modest men are dumb."

Lawrence doesn't make much noise but then, quality isn't measured by sound. Commercial subjects interest him very much, and he intends to further his education in some business college. Baseball is Law's favorite sport, and as he is making good on the squad this year he will probably make his letter.

Baseball 3-4.

Class Stunt 4.



MABEL DAWSON

Date of Birth—February 20, 1903.

Place of Birth—Needham Heights.

*"Work on, One day, beyond all thought of praise
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays."*

Mabel has distinguished herself in the class by her high scholarship throughout the course. How could we get along without Mabel's business like motions at class meetings; and what would we think if she were ever unprepared for her oral topic in English? In fact we enjoy Mabel's talks so much that we have chosen her for our prize speaker at graduation. We expect Mabel to go to B. U. and hold up the honors for Needham High.

Glee Club 3.

Vice-President 1-4.

Commencement Reader.



GERTRUDE HELEN DIGNEY

Date of Birth—April 3, 1903.

Place of Birth—Needham Heights.

*"And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place."*

"Gert" has become noted for her lightness of foot which is caused perhaps by her small stature. She is always on the go, and is seldom seen in one spot for more than a minute at a time except when——is around. We wouldn't tell on you for the world, Gert. Anyway auto-riding is good for the health and besides——.

Gert's ambition is to draw pretty pictures so don't be surprised to see her in an art school next fall.

Senior Stunt.

Advocate Staff, Art Editor.



HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

HERBERT LORAIN DODGE



Date of Birth—October 9, 1902

Place of Birth—Wellesley, Mass.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard."

"Creep" is one of our most popular members because of his humorous bearing and his good-naturedness. Dodge has some voice, not for singing but for hollering; and if he is within a mile of the school his presence is sure to be known. Besides being a two letter man and keeping up in his studies "Creep" also has time to follow the weaker sex to some extent and we seldom miss him at a dance. B. U. and Tufts are both trying to entice him to enter their institutions next year. Whichever one he choses we advise an intense course in spelling.

Football 2-3-4.

Baseball 2-3-4.

Senior Play Cast.

Senior Stunt.

CHESTER WARREN EATON

Date of Birth—September 22, 1903.

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"He thot as a sage, tho he felt as a man."

Chet is one of our live members, always reaching out and taking all the honors. Chet led us of the sidelines into battle last fall with unbelievable pep. It was a great source of delight to see "Chetta" in the Senior Stunt as a "Nigga" woman. We are inclined to pity him because of his thinness caused by that long hike to Central Avenue about every night. However he does find time, or has lately, to prepare for his class prophecy. It is rumored that we have a treat in store for us. Chet says he is going to make a name for himself by following in his brother's foot-steps at Norwich.

Orchestra 4.

Glee Club 3.

Cheer leader (football) 4.

Class Historian

Class Stunt.



GEORGE HERBERT FERRAN

Date of Birth—June 1, 1902.

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

"I confess thy writings to be such

As neither man nor muse can praise too much."

This quotation might well be applied to George Ferran's oral recitations. In fact we regret that he is not going to take the lecture platform as a professor which we had planned for him, but we feel that at B. U. he will continue his honors as valedictorian and meet with great success in the business world.

School Orchestra

Debating Team

Senior Play Cast

Valedictorian

Advocate Staff, Exchange Editor



WALTER EUGENE GILBERT



Date of Birth—December 17, 1902.

Place of Birth—Cambridge, Mass.

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."*

"Fish" he has been dubbed, probably on account of his brother being called this before him; we can find no other reason. Walter is the smallest male member in our class; however what he lacks in quantity he makes up in quality. This lad is also an accomplished musician, on the saxophone (and also the xylophone) and with this unusual ability he has developed an orchestra worthy of note. "Gil" has been taking a government automobile course and has become very efficient in oiling and repairing a certain Buick. We feel sure that he will strike the right note when he enters B. U. in the fall.

Class treasurer 1-2-3-4.

Football Manager 4

Baseball 3

Orchestra 1-2 Leader 2

Business Manager Advocate 4

STERLING WESTON GREENE



Date of Birth—April 30, 1902.

Place of Birth—Cambridge, Mass.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

"Sterl" or "Fat" as he is more commonly called holds the heavyweight title of the class. In the Who's Who vote he was also recorded as the best natured. "Sterl" is mixed up in all kinds of activities from Editor-in-Chief of the Advocate to playing Football. "Fat" never found his real place in life till the last term of this year. Don't ask us why, we don't know. Although he has moved to Watertown recently he thinks Needham is a mighty good place and as he is entering B. U. in the fall we will probably hear from him quite often.

Football 3-4

Advocate, Editor-in-Chief 4

Senior Play Cast

Senior Stunt

DORIS MAUDE HENRY



Date of Birth—September 2, 1903.

Place of Birth—Meridan, Conn.

*"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love."*

Doris made a great hit in the Senior Play and certainly did a hard part well. However she doesn't always act as she did in the play, for she is very ladylike and proper. Doris is a great lover of dancing and in four years we have her down as missing three and one half minutes of one dance, which is quite exceptional. Doris plans to be a stenographer for some noteworthy business manager.

Senior Play Cast

Senior Girl's Club Secretary

HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

DOROTHY HOWE



Date of Birth—February 22, 1904.

Place of Birth—Revere, Mass.

"Like music on the water is thy sweet voice."

"Dot" joined us in our Freshman year and is one of our quiet members. She is very fond of all athletics, especially basket-ball, and has proved herself a good player on our team.

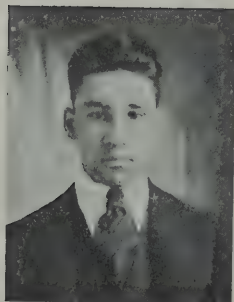
Dorothy has not decided what she will do after graduation but we expect great things. B. U. seems to be quite popular Dot. How about it?

Basketball 4

Advocate Staff 4

Glee Club

THOMAS JOHN KHOURY



Date of Birth—October 1, 1901..

Place of Birth—Syria.

"That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

"Tom" is one of our famous athletes and has played on both baseball and football teams for four years. As captain of this season's baseball team, Tom has turned out a very prospective nine as can be seen by the scores of games played thus far. Tom is very jovial and is a great favorite with fellows and girls alike. He seldom misses a dance and is considered the best waltzer in the school.

Football 1-2-3-4

Junior Stunt

Baseball 1-2-3-4 Captain 4

JUDITH ALVILDE LEE



Date of Birth—January 29, 1903.

Place of Birth—South Acton, Mass.

"Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud."

What a queer sight it would be to see Judith without a pencil in her hair. She is particularly noticeable only when giving oral compositions in English and then she shines. Judith came from Dover in the early part of our Senior year and went into the commercial department. She is yet undecided as to what she will do next year but expects to go directly into some office.

English Festival

MILTON RANDALL LITCHFIELD

Date of Birth—May 20, 1900.

Place of Birth—West Roxbury.

*"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight."*

We were most pleased to welcome Milton back to High School in our Junior year. He has been with us since and furnished much comedy in the English class with his apt statements regarding love, and also much valuable information concerning science. He is most interested in the latter subject however, and we all feel that his ambitions to an electrical engineer will be realized to their fullest extent.

Senior Stunt

GEORGE LUMSDEN

Date of Birth—January 19, 1903.

Place of Birth—Harrick, Scotland.

*"Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the master's stroke."*

"Scotty" will always be remembered by us for the valuable work he did for Needham High on the football field. He is also one of the best pupils in our History class and knows American History from cover to cover. He has not yet decided what he will do on leaving high school or what he will study for his life work, but he has the best wishes of all his classmates for a brilliant future. We were unable to obtain a picture of "Scotty" for the Advocate much to our sorrow.

Football 3-4

DOROTHY ELIZABETH MERCER

Date of Birth—April 3, 1903.

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it."*

"Doffie" is one of the jolly members of the class, and furthermore no one has ever seen her when she has not been smiling. Dot is a great favorite among the fellows with her affectionate ways and her (Buick) that is, in "lugging" a few of the players to the games. Dot likes to sing and dance and as for her Sunday School Class, much can be said. Dot's future is as unknown to herself as to others as to others; however, we gather from the latest reports that Dot may enter Miss Wheelock's School in the fall.

Vice-President 2-3

Advocate Staff 4

Glee Club 3

HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LILLIAN AGNES METZGER

Date of Birth—October 9, 1902.

Place of Birth—Needham Heights.

"The lady doth protest too much me think."

When Lil isn't arguing with Mr. Frost she pounds the ivory keys in the typewriting room. She is our expert typist and is always very willing to do any special work that is wanted of her.

We notice that Lil is going out for Basket Ball of late. We might suggest that she keep it up. You know there's nothing like exercise to reduce a fellow, Lil.

We expect to hear great things of Lil in the business world, since she won the Underwood prize in the recent Typewriting contest.

Debating Club

Basket-ball 4

Official Advocate Stenographer



LOUISE MORTON

Date of Birth—December 3, 1902.

Place of Birth—Needham Heights.

*"O, Piper, pipe; and I shall dance
For I am glad and young and free."*

Louise doesn't seem to say much, but when it comes to fancy dancing, she beats them all. She is one of Miss Fitch's best pupils in typewriting and she may be the President's secretary soon. Louise is an excellent actress too, as she proved in the Senior Stunt. We do not know what she is going to do after she graduates, but we judge her future occupation will be concerned with entertainment work.

Basket-ball 4

Senior Stunt

Glee Club 3



DAVID MURDOCH, JR.

Date of Birth—August 11, 1901.

Place of Birth—Glasgow, Scotland.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

"Dave" is a popular member of our class. He joined us this year and we were very glad to welcome him. He has always been very active in all school affairs and especially so in Football and Baseball, he being one of our two-letter men. We don't know what he is going to do when he graduates, but if he follows in the footsteps of Dave Sr. we are sure he will make a great success. Dave is very fond of reading (when he isn't at a dance) especially anything by Zane Grey.

Football 2-3-4-5

Baseball 2-3-4-5, Captain 4

Advisory Committee 4



MILDRED EVELYN ROBB

Date of Birth—August 10, 1903.

Place of Birth—Needham Heights.

"Then she will talk—good Gods! ..How she will talk!"

"Mim" has two great hobbies. The first is very complimentary, and that is her interest in class activities and willingness to do her share of the work and some one else's in the bargain. Her second is a result perhaps of the first; anyway when it comes to talking the rest of the class has to take a back seat. "Mim" has kept the dates (we mean the class dates) for our class for three years in the office of Secretary. We don't want to forget to mention her love of dancing especially with a certain fellow in Room II. Mim hopes that some time in the near future she will have bestowed upon her the degree of M. R. S.

Class Secretary 2-3-4

Advocate Staff

Senior Play Cast

Glee Club

N. H. S. Prize Speaking Contest



CHARLES BERRY ROBERTS

Date of Birth—August 30, 1902.

Place of Birth—Malden, Mass.

*"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."*

Charles has started on the road to the highest office of the land. He has been president of our class for the whole four years. Charley is attracted by a certain member of the opposite sex and the future is promising. We do not know what he is going to do after he graduates, but we hope he keeps up his clean record.

Class President 1-2-3-4

Football 3-4

Advisory Committee 4

Senior Stunt



WALTER THOMPSON ROPER

Date of Birth—January 17, 1903.

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your sands on earth."*

Walter certainly showed everyone by his acting in the Senior Play that his abilities lay in paths other than school study. However, he will not follow this avocation as he is deeply interested in the textile industry. Next year he intends to enter a textile school where he will study production management, etc. It is needless to say that we all wish him the best of luck—and by the way, Walter, when you open up that new factory don't forget that your old classmates wear sweaters.

Assistant Football Manager 3

Senior Play Cast

N. H. S. Prize Speaking Contest



PHILIP ROSENBLAT



Date of Birth—November 8, 1903.

Place of Birth—Charles River Village

"Thought is deeper than all speech."

"Phil" is one of our friends from Needham's suburb, Charles River village. He is quite a student, and intends to continue his education by entering the Massachusetts School of Pharmacy this fall. "Phil" also shines on the stage as one can see after the late stunt.

Here's hoping he makes as many friends the next few years as he has during his High School career.

Senior Stunt

English Festival

MAURICE SIMON



Date of Birth—July 24, 1902.

Place of Birth—Charles River Village.

*"Awake, awake, my Lyre
And tell thy silent master's humble tale."*

Simon is quiet in classes but Oh, My! He makes up for it in dances. He played on the football team for two years.

"Sime" is the Ichabod Crane of the class and this fact puts him away above the rest of us. Recently he has taken up an abode in Needham Square where he moved from Charles River Village. Sime's favorite pastime is dancing at recess period in the Assembly Hall; and since he dances with a different girl every day, we are kept in doubt about his feminine intentions. As he is entering Norwich in the fall we expect to see him sporting a uniform soon.

Football 3-4

Senior Stunt

WILLIAM GERARD STEPHENSON



Date of Birth—August 9, 1904.

Place of Birth—Dorchester, Mass.

*"Love me not for comely grace
For my pleasing eye or face."*

"Steve" came to us from Boston Latin School two years ago. He took part in the debate between Norwood and Needham, and although he was unfortunate enough to lose, he certainly won admiring glances from the girls in the front row. After he graduates, "Steve" intends to go to Wentworth Institute and design bungalows.

Debating team

Sport Editor of the "Advocate"

Advocate Staff 4

Senior Stunt

DOROTHY ELIZABETH VERNON

Date of Birth—November 15, 1902.

Place of Birth—Washington, D. C.

*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."*

"Dot" is another member who joined us in our last year. She is one of the original bobbed hair twins of the class and a very clever basketball player. "Dot" proved to be a great success as the heroine of the Senior Play, "Eliza Comes to Stay". Her acting was enjoyed by all especially by "Sandy" Barnes. It's hard telling what will become of "Dot" but as she is an ardent patron of the "Movies" she may be inclined towards the stage. We'll engage the front row when you appear in Boston, Dot.

Basketball 4

Senior Play Cast

Thanksgiving Entertainment

"Movie" Night Performance

EMELIA SOPHIE WAGNER

Date of Birth—July 27, 1903.

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"And all the world could call her friend."

Emelia's sweet demure ways might well earn for her the name of the "Puritan Maid". We love them, though sometimes we wish that "monstrous little voice" would let us know her better.

By typewriting for the Advocate this spring she has become very proficient as a stenographer and will probably get a position bossing around some President of a bank.

Senior Stunt

Pianist: English Carnival

ELIZABETH THOMPSON WILLIAMS

Date of Birth—January 26, 1903.

Place of Birth—Malden, Mass.

"Noblest of all things—a woman."

A nickname has not been found as yet for this very dignified member of our class, at least we have heard of none. This young lady is truly remarkable in her ability to study; especially is she noted for her Latin. Elizabeth has been very busy of late preparing her salutatory address for graduation. Nevertheless with all these arduous duties Elizabeth enjoys the girls' outings. Sh! Please do not let it be known that Elizabeth intends to enter Smith in the fall. As for her life work we have no way of finding out, but Miss Williams will surely be a success in whatever she does.

Advocate Staff 4

Senior Play Cast

Debating Club

Salutatorian

-- Who's Who in the Class of 1921 --

THE MOST POPULAR.

So many voted for themselves on this question and so much political graft was used that we had to give it up in despair.

THE MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED.

If silence is bliss, have your pick; Cathie, Emelia Wagner, Willia Cassidy, or "Lil" Metzger. Charlie Roberts has been a President for so long we may hear from him at the next national election.

THE MOST UNLIKELY TO SUCCEED.

As one fellow said "the whole darn class".

THE BEST NATURED.

Here's one place where the whole class shines. Its queer how they come, but "Sterl" Green and "Betty" McIntire both polled a high vote.

THE GROUCHIEST.

Any and all who come to class meetings say nothing and then find fault with the class officers the next day.

THE BEST ATHLETE.

If all the letter men were lined up and "Fish" Gilbert was taken out because of his advantage in size, it would be a neck and neck race among the following: Barnes, Dodge, Murdoch, Roberts. They say "Dot" Howe and Louise Morton are some "birds" at Basketball too.

THE WORST ATHLETE.

Cathie; the hardest exercise he has ever done is to throw sodas at the Perry Pharmacy.

THE NOSIEST.

"Hub-bert" Dodge, without question.

THE MOST PIOUS.

"Dot" Mercer cops the blue ribbon with her Sunday school class. Let's have a visiting day some Sunday, Dot.

YE OIL CAN.

Dodge and "Fish", with their glass oil can, received all the Chem votes which was enough to cinch the election.

THE MOST VERSATILE.

Charlie Roberts received the landslide vote and believe us any human who can live at Needham and the Heights at the same time, act as president of the best class in the high school, get the best marks in that class and still have time to argue with "Shimky" Simon deserves the honor.

THE LAZIEST.

"Fat" Greene voted for himself. His vote wasn't the only one he received either. (L)ounge lizard Caulton was the only other candidate who qualified. (He was picked chiefly because of the convenience of his Initials.

ARROW COLLAR AD. REPRESENTATIVE.

Any of the following may be recommended to Cluett & Peabody: Murdoch, Greene, Simon. "Fish" Gilbert's orange collar on St. Patrick's Day takes the cast iron cuff links.

THE HUMORIST.

Did you ever hear Barnes in English IV A? By the way Ferran collected two-thirds of the jokes for the Advocate.

THE MOST AFFECTIONATE.

We got a lot of inside dope which we hope to act upon in the near future. No fellow claimed the honor for himself, but you should have seen the girls confabbing on the question. How many saw Barnes at the Senior Play?

GREATEST RIVAL OF A GRAPAPHONE

It is said that if (M)egaphone Robb and Judith Lee both got talking at the same time there wouldn't be enough air left for the rest of us mortals to breathe.

STRONGFORT'S MOST LIKELY SUCCESSOR.

(W)acko (C)rash Bang Barnes is going to Springfield Y. M. C. A. for this specific purpose.

THE BIGGEST HOG.

The class must have misunderstood this question for the result was a deadlock between Simon and Rosenblat. Directly after Commencement exercises the contestants will hold a game of checkers in the locker room to decide who is the biggest hog.

THE BIGGEST DANCE HOUND.

Eaton always answers present at roll call also Doris Henry and Gert Digney. Any of the following take in a dance (occasionally)? Dodge, Dot Howe, Greene, Gilbert, Mim Robb, Dot Mercer. Caulton went to the Senior Dance.

THE GREATEST BULL ARTIST.

(M)ultiplier Litchfield received a landslide vote for his stories in English class. The Dots, Vernon and Freeman are not above mentioning.

THE HANDSOMEST BOY.

The girls all like Dodgie in football togs. We hear from the debating team that Stevenson made quite a hit with the girls at Norwood. Others say Charlie Roberts must be.

MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

Now, rather than start a fight we boys of the Advocate staff will have to admit that our class contains all A1 girls. Aren't we considerate?

LATIN SHARK.

Elizabeth Williams is in a class all by herself in this respect. If it was a question of years (M)arcus Aurelis Simon would be the outstanding star.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE BEVERAGE.

From the variety of drinks mentioned we must have what is known as a drinking class. Two votes were cast for the punch that the Economics class made, either they were paid to vote that way or we have two members in our class who have no sense of taste. Bevo, Whistle and Moonshine were among the favorites.

SONG.

If we ever hold a class reunion the following will be sure to be sung: Claude Duval, Spit Tune, (Speed On), There's a keg in Father's Cellar but it's only Kerosene, Why Buy a House when you can Make a Flat, in any tune, They're going to shoot all the mules because they have a kick.

AMUSEMENT.

One of our classmates had the nerve to tell us to mind our own business. Some of the Chem. students like nothing better than to collect superfluous hydrogen molecules which collect in large quantities, on the sides of congested garbage cans. Other favorites are Tiddledy Winks, Parlor Rugby, Marbles, Eating, Catching flies, and picking buds off a century plant.

LUNCHROOM.

The Night Owl under its various names received the bulk of the votes. Our own lunchroom was next and others receiving attention were Spits Carlton, Walton's, The Automat and Sullivan's drug store.

MAGAZINE.

"Mim" Robb says "It's all in the cover." The Tech, Voo Doo, Vogue, Police Gazette, and Life all receive the class patronage. We were surprised to find a vote for the Literary Digest and still more surprised to find one for the Advocate. Some one reads the Christian Science Monitor.

SHOW HOUSE.

We're not going to tell which theatre, Scollay Square isn't a nice locality anyway. Next in order comes our own Needham Theatre (especially when there is an A. A. benefit). Then Loews Orpheum, The Unique, and the Nickleodeum. They have pretty good shows at Waldron's. Ask—Never mind we won't squeel on you this time Dodgie.

TEACHER.

Thirty blank ballots found.

WHAT IS YOUR WILDEST AMBITION?

Barnes says, "What could be wilder than to imagine your English notebook up to date." Quite a few think the idea of graduating pretty frivolous. Among other wild ones are: to in-

vent a non-diminishing loly-pop. To succeed Miss Bartlett as music director. To be a Bible teacher at Technology, and last but not least to sing (Asleep in the deep at the Gayiety).

HOW MANY HOURS DO YOU STUDY?

One lucky guy says, "He doesn't indulge." Some say "Ask the faculty, they ought to know." We admire the honesty of some members who replied in the negative quantity.

WHAT IS THE WORST BREAK YOU EVER MADE?

How about Barnes' garter up in the lab? Doris Henry is never (broke) so she says. Someone accused Miss Williams of using their lipstick. Chet Eaton actually used the right spoon at a formal dinner.





Speakers

The school has been especially favored this year with the opportunity to hear lectures on various professions and vocations. One period every Thursday morning for the last eight or nine weeks has been devoted to some speaker who addressed us on the advantages offered to young men and women by his or her particular branch of work. The following is a list of the speakers, with their occupations:

Mr. William Gallagher	Manufacturer
Dr. Kelty	Dentist
Miss Angela O'Brien	Lawyer
Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed	Bookseller
Mr. Gustavus Esselen	Chemist
Professor Getchell	Representative of Boston University School of Business Administration
Mr. H. C. Bentley	Representative of the Bentley School
Mr. Elmer W. Green	Engraver

Mr. Gallagher emphasized the need of education in manufacturing; and instructed us concerning the right choice of positions in a firm. Dr. Kelty also imparted advice of a like nature to us. Miss O'Brien described the profession of law, and the method of "passing the bar." Mr. Goodspeed humorously related many little enlightening incidents and details concerning the book business. Mr. Esselen told us of the many marvels and achievements of chemistry.

Professor Getchell and Mr. Bentley both outlined the various courses offered by their respective schools, and told exactly for what occupations these school fit their students. Mr. Green gave us a most fascinating talk on engraving and kindred subjects, at the same time illustrating his talk with many specimens of the art. All of these addresses were pleasurable and profitable.

We wish to commend these speakers for the evident pains they took to interest and instruct the school; and we likewise wish to thank them for their kindness in giving their time and effort to us.

Movie Nights

Two movie nights have been held by the Athletic Association since the last Advocate was published. The first on December fifteenth was a benefit for the Football team. The picture, "Huckleberry Finn," was very enjoyable to all and the profits amounted to about a hundred and thirty-five dollars. Most of this was spent in giving the sweaters and letters to players making their "N" in football. The Baseball benefit April eighth was as great a success as its predecessor. "The Last of the Mohicans" was the feature film. This year's team has been completely outfitted with suits as a result of the proceeds. The student body wishes to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Murdoch again for his help in "putting over" these shows in a successful fashion.

the Needle_Ess Barnicle

Vol. (2 x 4)

NEEDLESS, MASS.

Price; Free with each dollar purchase

Some More Personal Bingles

THE NEEDLESS BARNICLE

Wrecked 1921

Published; More or less often,
mostly less

WINTHROP BEACH

Editor

and

Controller of Stock

Telephone

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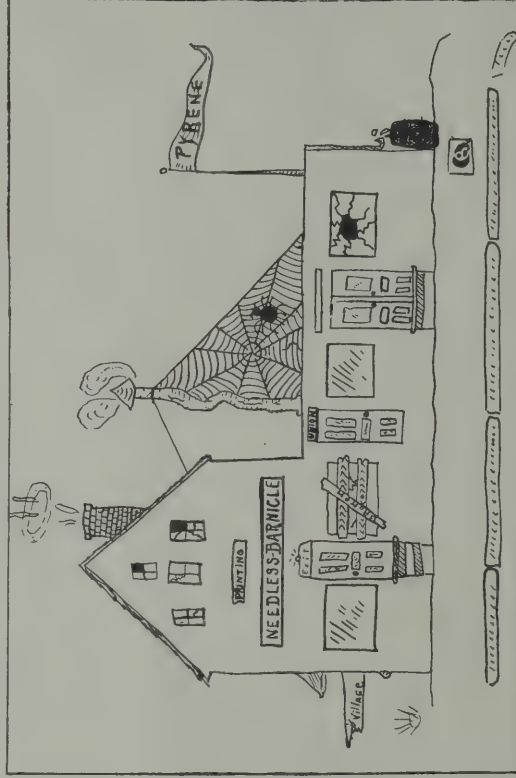
Entered at the curvature of
Chaplain Street.

June, 1921

The Barnicle can be bought at the ash can in Needham Square and at Ruben's Furniture Store at the Hgts. The Station Agent at Bird's Hill will have a few copies occasionally.

We pride ourselves on our careful attention and attractive display of Ads. Back numbers of the Barnicle can be obtained at the office for two-bits.

If you are lucky enough to get 2 sample copy of the Barnicle re-



Our Chaplain Street Office

Editorial

Look at the type we had to use this week in our heading, it's a disgrace that's what it is and we wish to have a chance to explain ourselves hence this editorial. Last week the Edi-

an ad from Sammy Jacobs and after a short chase on the common managed to collar him.

The Editor in Cheese Greene is still at large but is being tracked by "Cop" Robinson.

Personal Bingles

Stop! Look! Read!

The price of the Barnicle will be increased to every two dollar purchase if we don't receive more subscriptions shortly. The high price of second-hand type, Stafford Ink and Blue Blotters has increased to such an extent during the last decade, this is absolutely necessary. Necks weak will be observed as "Barnicle Weak" and we wish that all the darn fools in town would come around and call on us, and just off-hand sort of leave two berries for a year's subscription complete with a bottle of Stafford's Ink. We guarantee the following with each issue.

3 1-2 out of 4 pages—ads.

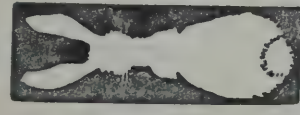
1-2 page—Fires of the weak, Mortgagee's sales and accounts from the Encyclopedia Britannia.

Golden Rule for this Weak

Selectmen's Notes

Ditto.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THR	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		



Of Interest to Needham People

Only Survivor of Past Ages.
The sphendon a lizard like animal found only in New Zealand, is the only modern representative of the great reptilian order living at the close of the Carboniferous Age.—(Copied from the Encyclopedia Britannica to fill up space.

Wanted

Boys between 12 and 16 years of age to solicit Barnicle's subscriptions during Barnicle week. Premiums

Staffard's Ink

Blue Blotters

result we had to substitute type of a inferior class for our usual heading.

Daring Crook Caught

Needless ossifer makes sensational catch of Advocate Manager
The "Mackeral" one of the worst crooks on the Advocate staff has been nailed as shown in the picture below.



During the last month the culprit has been swindling Needless business men into advertising in the High School Advocate and has succeeded to quite an extent.

Ossifer Bliss caught the "Mackeral" red handed getting

truck has flown.

Stafford's ink he sells each day
Pyrene sales pay the rent
His type is very near decay
His press is badly bent.

The rotary public each day does work
Behind the counter in his little old shop
He labors thru both dark and murk
The firebell is his only stop

A Bingle on Us

The best paper in Needless is our boast
Altho' each week is a downward coast.
Our columns are filled with the finest ads.
You look for news, then call us cads.

Scent A Word A Week

Sausages from the Royal Kennels.
Patsy's Market.

Carbon paper, blotters in agreeable shades, pencils and Stafford's Ink at the Barnicle Office.

Do You Want to Get Stuck?

Buy your molasses at EARLE'S

Rotary Public

BARNICLE OFFICE
Marriage Licenses?
Well I Guess.

Another thing to fill up space.

Stafford's Ink
Carbon Paper
Pencils, Pens
Companion Boxes
Colored Blotters
in attractive shades
At the Barnicle Office



FIRST CROW

A resident of Central avenue, who paid a visit to us this week tells us that he saw a crow on his premises last week. This is quite singular at this time of the year. Be sure and keep your cats to home now that the birds are out.

Fires of the Week

Box 1-2-3-4. Sammy Jacob's house. Cause: lamp in attic. Firemen took of whole roof to put the lamp out.

Apparatus responding Ladder 1, etc. etc.

The Senior Class Play

For the first time in five years, the Senior Class of Needham High School decided to give a class play. The play chosen was "Eliza Comes to Stay." A date was set for the try-out and the following were chosen:

Eliza	Dorothy Vernon
Sandy Verrall	Waynes Barnes
Vera Lawrence, the actress	Doris Henry
Alexander Stoop Verrall	George Ferran
Lady Pennybroke	Mildred Robb
Herbert, the Butler	Sterling Greene
Mrs. Allaway, the nurse	Elizabeth Williams
The Porter	}
Assistant Valet	
	Herbert Dodge

We had considerable trouble in securing furniture, but after much running around and borrowing, we managed to get enough to furnish the stage, thanks to the kind help of some of our classmates' parents.

After some anxiety over the sale of tickets, the big night arrived.

The girls of the Senior Class acted as ushers, making a bright scene by their light dresses, which were chosen for the occasion.

The hall was packed to the utmost. All were waiting impatiently for the play to begin. Behind the scenes, the members of the cast were preparing to prove their ability as Theda Baras and Wallace Reids. The girls were rushing

into their costumes and remarks were heard such as, "Where's my wig?" "Who has my wig?" "Don't sit on it!" "Whew! that was a narrow escape." "Say, that's my dress you're putting on!" "Is my hair on straight?" "I'm not a bit nervous, are you?" "Gee, Dot, you look funny. Where did you get the rigs?"

Downstairs some of the boys were fixing their ties and other necessary things, while others were powdering their noses. One or two were scurrying about with their play books in their hands nervously reviewing their parts.

At ten minutes past eight the curtain went up and laughter greeted the scene in which "Sterl" as the butler was having an argument with the Porter. From then on the performance went on smoothly, each actor in turn proving his or her ability.

Needless to say, it was a success financially and otherwise. Much credit must be given to the cast who gave their time and talent so cheerfully. There's no doubt in anybody's mind who was the Theda Bara. And who could find a better old lady, a more charming though wilful heroine, a handsomer hero, a more austere uncle, a debanoir bachellor, a dignified butler, a cheerful nurse, and a more comical porter, than were chosen for our play?

The cast with the ever-ready and willing aid of our coach, Miss Caswell, made the play a glorious success.

Senior Dance

The Association Hall, trimmed with the colors of the Class of '21, was the scene of a pretty, formal dance. It was the Senior Dance. We will say "the" because never in our lives will we be able to go back and have the good time we had that night. Even tho we were "cheated" out of some few dances, Gage's

Orchestra helped us to have a good time.

And Mr. O'Connor was there too. The girls kindly made us some luscious cakes and together with the ice cream more was added to our good time. One can say that, because it has often been remarked that next to dancing we like eating best.

Senior Informal Dance

The first dance under the tuspices of the

Senior Class was held in the High School Hall, March 11, 1921.

The party was kept lively by Gilbert's Or-

chestra, and the ice cream, we must not forget the ice cream of our friend "John." It certainly was palatable. Ask some of the Dance Committee and their friends how they liked it.

We have heard the many complaints and grumbles when it is announced that a dance will

close at 11.15 or 11.30 but we are often pleased to be told when to go or perhaps Monday morning would find some of us still dancing. Such it was on this occasion and we left the building a short time after the moderate hour of 11.



Ye First Senior Dance

Junior Dance

On April first the class of 1922 held its Junior Dance in Association Hall. Of course, every one was much amused at the date chosen, but as it turned out, the only one's fooled were those who stayed away from the good time.

The committee in charge was C. Cohoon, chairman; Miss Carter, Miss Godfrey, Miss Howe, and Kilmer. The hall was very simply decorated, a row of palms at the edge of the stage, and an emblem above it, in the class colors, with the words "Class of 1922" But why need decorate, when even the exit signs were in the class colors—purple and gold!

Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Kilmer

acted as matrons. Very excellent music was furnished by Gilbert's Orchestra. From all appearances every one enjoyed themselves immensely.

Freshman Informal Dance

The Freshman Class held an informal dance on May 6th in the Assembly Hall. Miss Tibbetts acted as chairman of a committee of five. The music was furnished by Gilbert's Orchestra and the party chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Tibbetts and Mr. Hodgson. Everybody enjoyed the occasion and the dance was ended at the usual time of 11 o'clock.

Senior Stunt

A Overture Novelty Orchestra

A Overture Novelty Orchestra

W. Gilbert, director	Saxophone
L. Morton	Piano
G. Ferran	Drums
C. Eaton	Mandolin
M. Litchfield	Cornet
M. Simon	Harmonica
S. Greene	Tin Horn
D. Murdoch	Castenets
L. Caulton	Accordian
H. Dodge, Announcer	Bugle

B "Chess" Eaton World's Famous Monologist in his Original Sketch

C Elizabeth Williams. Chautauqua Lecturer.

D Barnes-Morton Players in *Oliver Twist* in four scenes. Cast:

<i>Oliver Twist</i>	G. Digney
Bill Sykes	W. Barnes
Nancy Sykes	L. Morton
Fagin	G. Stephenson
Artful Dodger	C. Roberts
Charley Bates	P. Rosenblat
Pianist	E. Wagner

E Overture Novelty Orchestra

The Senior Class of 1921 presented a very unique program for the class stunt. The program provoked much laughter in certain portions, while in others it quite frightened certain members. It was enjoyed by all and pronounced, by many, the best stunt given this year. We still have the Freshman one to see yet and in all probability this will be very good.

The program consisted first of a selection from the Novelty Orchestra, with Gilbert as director. The members of the orchestra provided much amusement for the pupils as well as the teachers. Each member wore an original costume and many, thinking their own noses were not enough, procured false noses and added them to their own.

Sterling Greene in the role of "fat boy" caused much laughter when he stood up to blow his little horn. Also the characterization of the "Comedy Cops" was extremely unique. The gesticulations of the director were amusing.

The second act was an original sketch by "Chess" Eaton, the World's Famous Monologist, portrayed as a negress, telling the story of

her husband's advent into the church. As a negress, "Chess" was extremely well liked.

In the third act Elizabeth Williams gave a lecture in imitation of a Chautauqua Performer. Her lecture was a brief account of literature in England. It also gave us an account of the next act, which consisted of four scenes taken from Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist*.

These selections from *Oliver Twist* were surprisingly well done. The acting was perfect and led many of us to believe that we had some very good talent for acting in our class. The part of Nancy, played by Louise Morton, deserves special commendation as it was the most difficult part in the play. We wish to praise all of the cast very highly for their very excellent acting.

In the last act we were all quite frightened when we heard a scream from one of the pupils in the front seat. It was caused by the stealthy way that Bill Sykes crept into the darkened room where Nancy lay asleep.

The program was concluded with a selection by the Novelty Orchestra, which relieved the suspense caused in the preceding act with the murder of Nancy by her husband, Bill Sykes.

The Junior Stunt

On the morning of February first, the members of the school, other than the Juniors who were in motley confusion behind the scenes (?), awaited with ill-concealed excitement the Junior Stunt. The able committee which planned the affair was composed of Miss Carter, Miss Pond, Miss Butler, Mr. Kilmer and Mr. Harkins. Mr. Holman and Miss Butler wrote the sketch and chose the characters. The sketch portrayed an imitation of Needham Railway Station.

Each did his or her best to make the stunt a success and many types or real life were represented in this mimic railroad station.

Sophomore Stunt

The Sophomores for their stunt gave the well known sketch "Mrs. Jarley's Waxwork." The characters were very original and Mr. Child's pranks as the valet drew forth reels of laughter. The scene was so well given that it was repeated at the Baseball Movie night.

Impressions of Senior Play

19

21



Freshman Stunt

The Freshmen have chosen for their class stunt an Irish Play, "The Hour Glass". This play is to be given in the assembly hall as soon as the new curtains are procured.

Debating Club

The Needham High School Debating Society was organized again this year and now includes members of the Freshman Class. It is nearly twice as large as the one of last year and we expect to see the number increase still more.

In January, the work for the year was laid out by the following committees: Initiation,

Publicity, Entertainment, and Constitutional. At the same time the officers of the club were elected as follows:

President	Charles Childs
Vice President	David Gourd
Secretary	Helen Kroog
Treasurer	Audrey Jones

Miss Caswell was appointed special judge of disorder.

Two weeks later, the entire constitution, by-laws and rules of order were revised by the appointed committee, then the members were ready for actual work.

On March 8th the first debate was held. The subject chosen was: Resolved; "That the Town

Manager Form of Government Should be Adopted in Needham." The club was represented by Miss Kroll, Mr. Gourd and Mr. Ryan. Our worthy opponents were Mr. Campbell and Mr. Frost of the Faculty. No decision was rendered, but the sides seemed very evenly balanced.

A dual debate was held with Norwood High on March 16th. The subject debated was Resolved: "That Immigration Should be Totally Restricted for a Period of Five Years." Miss M. Kroll, Miss Curley and Mr. Ferran composed the team which debated at home while Mr. Childs, Miss Williams and Mr. Stephenson journeyed to Norwood. David Gourd acted as chairman and Stewart Bugbee as time-keeper at Needham.

Strong arguments were given by each side, and as the teams at Needham were very closely matched it was hard to make a decision. The judges, however, finally decided in Needham's favor much to our pleasure. The debate at Norwood was equally interesting but our opponents received the award. From reports, we hear that Norwood had to go some before they got through.

A debate with Wellesley has been arranged

and we hope this will be decidedly in our favor.

Altho' we have had a great many strict business meetings a few socials have been held and have been greatly enjoyed.



The Orchestra

The High School Orchestra has gradually been increasing so that now there are seventeen members in it. The orchestra has been playing Friday mornings in the Assembly Hall and helped effectively in leading the singing. We expect it to supply the music at graduation. The orchestra has been improving, thanks to the able leadership of Miss Bartlett. The members of the orchestra are Charles Cahoon, Jerry Bond, Annette Engstrom, Harriet Williams, William MacDonald, Reginald Gulliver, Raymond, George Davis, violins; Stewart Bugbee, flute; Ralph Studley, George Hansis, Jerome Ryn, cornets; Francis Kroll, Eleanor Jackson, Clifford Jones, piano; Chester Eaton, banjo-mandolin; George Ferran, drums.

PROGRAM FOR JUNE

8th English Festival
15th Prize Speaking Contest
18th Senior Outing
20th Graduation
21st

First Day of Freedom for Seniors

21st Alumni Reunion

BASEBALL



BASKET BALL





ATHLETICS

The baseball team of 1921 has something more to work for than simply the honor of winning the games because this year Needham High is joined with four other schools in "The Midland Baseball League." The school teams in this league are Marlboro, Hudson, Milford, Natick and Needham and a pennant is offered to the champion team. Besides the league games, contests have been arranged with Lexington, Norwood, Dover and Wellesley.

The team, captained by Tom Khoury, is coached by Mr. Frost and managed by "Ucker" Emery. Some of the old players, Khoury, Dodge, Emery and Murdock are still in the ranks while there are many more new ones. This year has brought us three pitchers Wallis, Newcomb and Fairbanks and the field and base positions are well filled.

Taking all in all Needham High has this year a very formidable team and also a good chance to win the Midland League pennant.

NEEDHAM 13 vs DOVER 1

On April 15 the baseball season was opened with a practice game at Needham with Dover High School. One inning was enough to decide the game, because every player on our side batted twice during the first frame.

NEEDHAM 8 vs NORWOOD 5

On April 19 Needham subdued its old friends, Norwood High, on their home grounds. Norwood secured a two run lead early in the game but was unable to hold it. H. Fairbanks, who was sent in as a pinch hitter in the fifth with the bases crowded pulled through with a slashing double knocking in two runs. More runs were scored in the seventh on Norwood

errors. Wallis pitched effectively and pulled himself out of two or three holes by his good control. The fielding of Emery, R. Fairbanks and Dodge prevented frequent Norwood attempts at rallies.

NEEDHAM 12 vs HUDSON 6

The first league game on May 4 was a decided victory for our team. After a trip of two hours by auto we arrived at Hudson. The field was even worse than Green's Field and the outfielders had to stay in the woods and come out once in a while to get their bearings. Wallis' work on the mound was superb with the exception of the ninth inning when Hudson batted in four runs. Emery's home run was a feature. H. Fairbanks also knocked a circuit clout but was called out for failure to touch third base. Murdock, Dodge and Khoury each got a couple of bingles apiece. Both Emery and H. Fairbanks made sensational catches of long clouts which were pulled down out of the trees in the neighboring forest.

NEEDHAM 6 vs WELLESLEY 0

On May 7 Needham defeated Wellesley in their first athletic contest for 3 years. Wellesley didn't have a chance mainly because of Newcombs' pitching. Fifteen Wellesley men struck-out and only one connected safely, the hit going over the short right field fence which would have been an easy out on a good field.

For four innings both sides were retired in order and it looked like a close game. But Fat Fairbanks opened the 5th with a single stole second then attempted to steal third and would have been out a mile but the Wellesley catcher heaved the ball over the third baseman's

head so Fat romped in with the run that virtually won the ball game. This run upset the Wellesley pitcher and Needham hit him to all corners of the lot in the next inning putting the game on ice.

Fat Fairbanks played his first game behind the bat and played a whale of a game. The whole team played great baseball.

MARLBORO 6 . vs. NEEDHAM 4

On May 9 Needham journeyed to Marlboro and suffered their first defeat of the season.



Emery outfielding at Hudson

Although Marlboro scored 6 runs about 2 were earned, while Needham should have scored at least 10.

Most of Marlboro's runs were gifts of the umpire who was either blind or couldn't see much, to Waliss disadvantage. In every inning a Marlboro man was issued a free ticket to first base and in most innings two or more drew a walk. Wallis was pitching an out-drop and the umpire absolutely would not give him the corners of the plate, if the ball did not cut the plate in halves the ump. hollered ball and he hollered it so often he forgot there was any other word in the English language.

Every one of our runs were earned but we should have scored many more, whenever a hit meant a run all that was forthcoming was a strike-out.

Although the team played almost errorless ball neither Khoury or Wallis were able to prevent Marlboro from working the squeeze play which they worked every time a man was on third.

R. Fairbanks turned his ankle sliding into the plate in the eighth inning and he finished the inning under great pain, Murdock finished the game at short and Emery went to first.

NEEDHAM 19—MILFORD 14

On May 18, Needham journeyed to Milford for their third league game and won by a slugfest 19 to 14. Wallis who started in the box for Needham had nothing but a prayer and Milford banged him for five runs in the first inning. Then Newcomb took up the pitching assignment and Milford ran their total to fourteen runs to his expense. In the fifth inning Milford was leading 11 to 3 but from then on it was all Needham, we scored six runs in the sixth and six runs in the seventh innings putting the game on ice. Everyone on the team got at least one hit and many went for extra bases. Westin playing his first high school game got one home-run and two doubles. Murdoch also polled a homer, with three on.

NEEDHAM 8—NATICK 1

With Newcomb pitching superb ball Needham won an important league game from Natick on May 21, at Needham. A general shift in the line-up was made by putting Caulton in as catcher, Westin at short and MacDonald in right field.

After scoring a run in the second Needham cinched the game by crossing the rubber six times in the fourth. The lucky blow-up started when Natick's star pitcher passed three in a row. With the bases choked Newcomb won his own game with a slashing double to left field knocking in two runs. After another man had been passed Murdoch came through with a two sacker good for two more runs and a couple of errors brought the total for the inning up to six and the score stood 7-0. Needham made its eighth run in the fifth frame when Newcomb after singling came home on

two errors.

Natick's lone tally arrived in the first of the ninth as a result of Needham errors.

Murdoch's double play unassisted in the fifth was a feature and Dodge played like another Eddie Collins at the Keystone sack. It was Newcomb's second victory and besides pitching great ball he turned in a double, two singles and a hit on error in four times at bat.

Basketball

This is the first year that Needham High School has had a basketball team that has amounted to anything at all.

Last fall we played a series of interclass games, the object being to see what class could win the most games. We had three teams, the Freshmen, the Sophomores, and the Senior-Junior team. Each class had an equally good team and after a hard fight the Senior-Junior team proved the victor.

We received challenges from Wellesley, Dedham, Dover and Sherborn, but were unable to play because of the lack of a suitable gymnasium in which to play. By the time the weather permitted us to play outside, the basketball season for other schools was closed, but we secured a game with Sherborn.

The girls came out for practice faithfully every day. It was decided that a game consisting of four quarters be played, the first half, boys' rules, the second, girls' rules.

Both teams played their best and credit should be given to both teams. The score came out a bit in favor of Sherborn.

Needham High School has good material for a good basketball team and it is hoped in the future that they will receive a little aid to make a team of which the school can be proud. At this writing, games with two teachers' teams and a Junior High School are to be played within a short time, bringing to a close a most successful season.



We wish to thank all those who have helped us to make our Exchange Department a success. It is with great pleasure that we acknowledge the following exchanges:—

"The Sassamon," Natick, Mass.; "The Voice," Concord, Mass.; "The Item," Dorchester, Mass.; "Sagamore," Brookline, Mass.; "The Radiator," Somerville, Mass.; "The Bulletin," Watertown, Mass.; "Review," Newton, Mass.; "Voo Doo," Cambridge, Mass.; "The Brewster," Boston, Mass.; "The Tisbury Bomb," Vineyard Haven, Mass.; "The Record," Boston, Mass.; "The Papoose," Globe, Ariz.; "The Pinkerton Critic," Derry, N. H.; "Philomath," Framingham, Mass.; "The Arti-

san," Boston, Mass.; "The Pilgrim," Plymouth, Mass.; "The Speculator," Cambridge, Mass.; "Breeze," Ashburnham, Mass.; "Magnet," Leominster, Mass.; "The Highlander," Columbus, O.; "The Clarion," Arlington, Mass.; "Junto," Easton, Pa.; "The Oracle," Manchester, N. H.; "The Aegis," Yonkers, N. Y.; "The Distaff," Boston, Mass.; "The Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.; "The Morristonian," Morristown, N. J.; "The Monitor," Wellesley, Mass.; "The Arguenot," Norwood, Mass.; "The Red and Black," Newport, R. I.; "The Echo," Dubuque, Iowa; "The Megaphone," Athens, O.; "The Torch," Minneapolis, Minn.; "Orange and Blue," Milton, Mass.; "The Gleaner," Pawtucket, R. I.; "The West Tech Tatler."

What We Think of Others

"The Sassamon"—A well arranged paper. You have a very good and original joke department. We suggest that you improve your cover design. The name is hard to read.

"The Sagamore"—Your French department is a very original idea. We think it is very helpful. The story entitled "A Fish Story" was interesting. Why don't you have a few cartoons?

"Radiator"—"Opportunities" by Hon. Chas. Eldridge very helpful. Your plan to publish an article or two written by men of the city is a plan that ought to be carried out by other schools too. Why not have the joke and school notes two different departments? Your editorials are excellent.

"The Papoose"—We think that if you had your paper in magazine form it would have a more strik-

ing appearance. Your joke column is fine. Why not add a few good stories?

"The Bulletin"—If anyone would really like to dream a good dream we advise him to read "A Sketch in Which the Impossible Happens." We suggest that you put your editorials in the front part of your paper. You have a novel way of presenting Alumni notes.

"Review"—This is the best paper we have yet received. You have an excellent literary department and your paper is well printed. We wish to congratulate Mr. Frederick McGill on his negro stories. Why not have your staff and editorials in the front part of the magazine?

"Clarion"—Congratulations! You have a wonderful magazine. Your Literary department is excellent. We are glad to see that you take so much interest in music and athletics.

"The Aegis"—We found your Joke column full of wit and we enjoyed reading your stories.

"The Morristonian"—You have a fine magazine. We like your jokes and page headings.

"Monitor"—We like your idea of giving prizes for the best short stories. It increases the interest of the pupils. Your cover certainly shows that "The Monitor" comes from a girls' school.

"The Red and Black"—An excellent paper and full of news. The name may suggest danger or something like that but what's in a name?

"Polytechnic"—You certainly have school spirit and your paper is a lively and up-to-date one.

"The Torch"—Your cover design is very suggestive and the print is excellent. We congratulate your Literary and Exchange editors. Your number of exchanges exceeds any that we have seen but you ought to comment on more magazines. A few cartoons would improve your paper.

"The Echo"—Welcome far-away "Echo." We would like to hear you again. You have a great sense of humor as is shown by "The Gick Gazette" and "Idiotic Idiosyncrasies."

"Orange and Blue"—Good Literary department but why not add a few jokes and cartoons?

"The Brewster"—We congratulate you on your Alumni Notes. Enlarge your paper and put in a few serious as well as humorous selections. Still your paper gives a good idea of your school activities.

"The Tisbury Bomb"—Good Literary department. Argument on corporal punishment was good. You might add a few cartoons to your magazine. Where is your Exchange department?

"The Record"—You have one of the best Exchange departments we have seen. Your paper would have a more impressive appearance if you had a cut for your Literary department. You could add a few more good editorials. Why don't you put all your jokes together?

"The Item"—We commend "A Puritan Interlude" in your Literary department. Why not put your editorials in the front part of your paper? We hunted in vain for your exchanges. Try for more jokes.

"The Spectator"—A well arranged paper. Your hockey team is one to be proud of. Try to get a few more jokes and stories.

"Breeze"—Your Literary department offered good reading. A few more jokes and some cartoons would improve your paper.

"Magnet"—Your "Jester's Page" is short but sweet. Please put in a few more jokes. We enjoyed them. Your cover design is a clever one. We wish to commend you on your editorials. They show research and thought. Try to add a few cartoons.

"The Pilgrim"—This is one of our new exchanges and we are glad to receive it. Why don't you put in a little more humor by adding cartoons and answering the appeal of your joke editor?

What Others Think of Us

"Review"—Newton High School.—

"The Advocate." This is always a welcome exchange. The supplementary copy of the "Barnicle" is a genuine laugh-producer.

"Radiator"—Somerville High School.—

"The Advocate." Needham High School. Yours looked like an interesting, lively magazine and we were not disappointed. You are the cleverest exchange we have. The stories are fine both in quality and quantity. "The Barnicle" and "Humor" are full of wit. We should like to be life subscribers to the "Barnicle." We wonder why so many of the clever poems are in Latin. Is that the only language which has "bus"es to carry you along? Please come and make us laugh again.

"Bulletin"—

Congratulations! You have a fine paper but we failed to find your exchanges.

"Arlington Clarion"—

Welcome newcomer! We admire your excellent literary department. You seem to have a great deal of humor in your school. You certainly publish a fine magazine.

"The Highlander"—Columbus, Ohio.—

You have a sturdy looking football squad and your "Barnicle" is full of wit.

"The Spectator"—

The "Advocate" is one of the most complete and well filled papers we received this month. It has over sixty pages of stories, poems, and jokes. The athletics are well handled and several of the stories are quite good, while a few are more or less commonplace. Cuts help the appearance of a paper very much and it was too bad there were none. Your funny sheet called the "Barnicle" is very good indeed.

"Sassamon"—

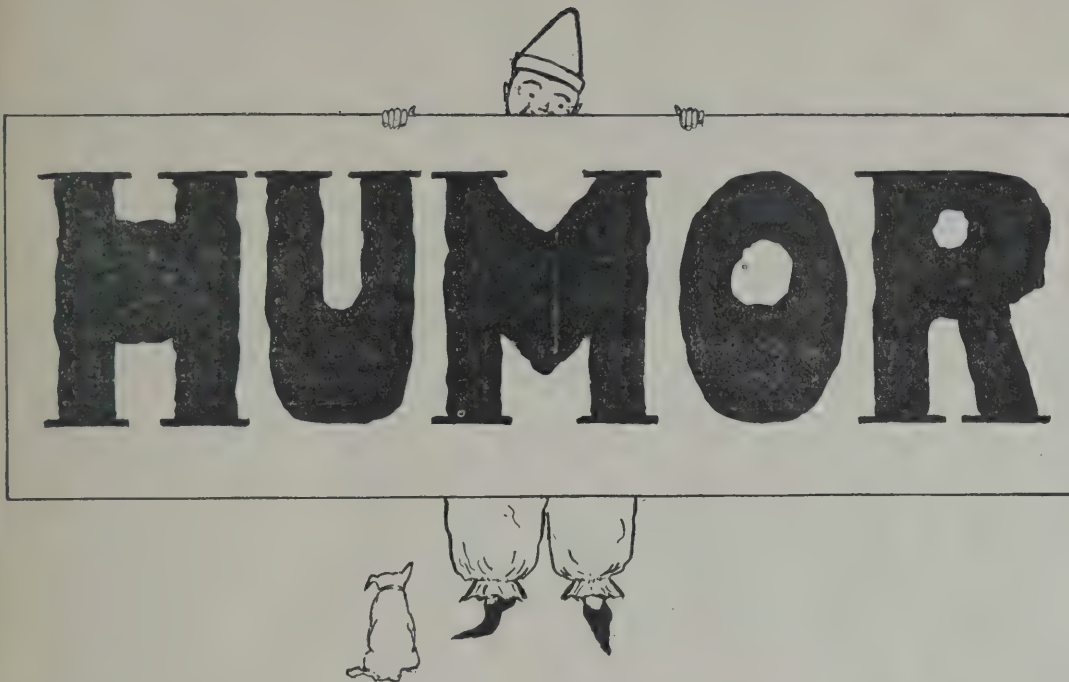
"The Advocate has some very clever material. We appreciated the "Barnicle" in your Christmas number. "Record"—

We were immensely impressed by the different types of stories, essays, and articles which make up your literary department. The "Barnicle" was a scream. By the large number of ads it seems that everyone in Needham, takes a common interest in the "Advocate."

"Oracle"—

"Advocate": You have a splendid paper. Clever was the author of "Shakespeare Up to Date." As for the "Barnicle," it rivals the "Bingville Bugle." "The Pinkerton Critic"—

"Advocate": Your paper is worthy of the highest praise. We especially enjoyed "The Barnicle." You are fortunate in having so many advertisements.



Miss Caswell:—I want to wish you a happy and pleasant vacation. May I suggest that you keep away from dances, movies and such.

Class in chorus:—Same to you.

Miss Tarbell:—How is gold used in photography?

Barnes:—To frame the pictures.

FACULTY BREAKS

Mr. C.—We'll have to swear-er-I mean share our Literary Digest topics today.

Ditto:—We paid Mexico fifteen million bones-er dollars for the territory.

Miss Caswell:—Have you read "Tom Aldridge?" All old men have read.

Mr. C. giving out history lesson—Tomorrow we will continue the Civil War.

Miss Tarbell:—Where else is salt harmful to aluminum.

Barnes—Salt shakers.

A NEW DRINK

Frosh:—Every drop of milk was drunk.

If you hear something funny
And laugh till you near die
Just send it to the Advocate
Don't let a joke go by.

E. Williams, giving life of Bunyan—He made shoe-laces to support his family.

Miss Tarbell:—What is a petrified forest?

Greene:—Trees buried alive.

Holman (Latin III) reading prose:—"Li, Caesar, ducissit." (Gee! Caesar, do kiss it).

E. Jones (English 3A)—"The President was so stiff that he had to take his legs down separately."

Miss Ray—"What are 'Pommes de terre en Robe de Chambre'?"

Dot—"Why, potatoes in their negligees!"

TOLD IN SALESMANSHIP

Little boy—My mother wants ten cents worth of jumps.

Salesman—Jumps? You must have it wrong.

Boy—No. Mother told me to think of jumps all the way to the store.

Then I called up and found out that his mother had sent him for ten cents worth of hops.

Miss Caswell:—Don't consider Mr. Rockwell, now. He's not Mr. Rockwell but a block of wood.

Barnes:—I think Lady Castlewood was a philosopher.

Cas—Il:—Good prove your point.

Barnes:—Well, I don't know what a philosopher is, but I think she was one just the same.

Miss T.—What is the use of Sodium nitrate?

Barnes:—It takes warts off your hands.

The Bowling Fiend

Consider now the bowling fiend, who at this season of the year goeth about the land un-
Yea, he goeth forth and there are none to say to him, nay! (molested;

And his mouth is filled with strange sayings such as spare and strike, and no man under-
standeth him.

He doth bolt his evening meal that he may stay long in the place where the pins are set up.
He goeth forth to the place where the game is to be played and quickly diverseth himself of
his clothing

And he doth cast malicious glances at a small boy, who is seated on a rail at one end of the alley.
Yea, verily, doth he look around until his eyes resteth upon some pins which the small boy
hath standeth on end.

Then doth his countenance show exceeding joy and he doth pick up a rubber sphere with
either hand.

For lo, he seeks to destroy the handiwork of the small boy, who hath so crookedly stood the
pins on end.

He girdeth up his loins as a warrior about to do battle, and divers thought arise within him.
Yea, he thinketh, "With one ball will I knock yonder pins asunder, and great will be the ap-
plause therefor."

Behold, he doth hurl the ball, and it rolleth into the gutter where it knocketh down no pins.

Quickly doth he gaze about to see who hath witnessed his rotten shot

Then doth he smite them with another sphere and all the pins fall until not one is left standing.

Yea, with one ball hath he knocketh them all down and great was the fall thereof!

Whereupon he is surrounded by his mates who utter strange words and shout strange shouts;

For Lo, they have bowled these may years, that they may utter sounds like unto these!

For many hours doth he hurl the sphere at the pins which the small boy standeth on end.

And ever and ever he doth make strange markings on a checkerboard on the wall.

Verily he is exhausted at last, so he putteth on his outer garments and hiketh to his dwelling
place.

But, not before he hath left six bits with the old man who sitteth at the throttle of the Cash
Register!

Yea, verily the small boy hath won the game, for he hath left his pins standing at the end;

And he hath collected two of the bits which the fiend left in the cash register!

"Mother," said a sharp little boy, "is it wicked to say damn?"

"Certainly, my son, that would be swearing."

"But is it wicked to say coffer dam?"

"Oh, no, my son, that is the name of an inanimate object, like house or table."

"Well, mother," responded the young hopeful, "the old cow has got a potato in her mouth and if she don't look out she'll coffer dam head off."—Ex.

HEARD IN LATIN

Miss W— "R—, give the principal parts of pugno."

R— (rising sleepily) "What was the word, M—?"

M— (sitting side of him) "Darned if I know."

R— "Darnedifino, darnedifinare, darnedifiavi, darnedifinatus."

Miss W— "R—, what are you giving?"

R— "Darned if I know."—Ex.

NOT WHAT HE THOUGHT

Two men were riding when they came within sight of an old gallows and one of them said to the other: "Do you see that?"

The other answered, "I do."

"And where would you be today if the gallows had its due?"

"Sure I'd be riding alone," replied the latter.—Ex.

Prof— "I will now take some hydrogen, and then I will take some chloroform."

Sleepy voice from the rear—"Good idea."—Ex.

My brother takes up Spanish, French, Italian, German, and Scotch."

"Goodness! Where does he study?"

"Study. He doesn't study. He runs an elevator."—Ex.

He— "There is an awful rumbling in my stumac as if a cart was going over a cobblestone street."

She— "That's probably that truck you ate for dinner."—Ex.

Jack— "I say Jill, your friend Mr. Smith is very absent-minded."

Jill— "Is that so?"

Jack— "Yes, the other evening after the storm, he put his umbrella to bed and stood himself in the corner to drip."—Ex.

High— "How does it happen that you weren't hurt when you fell out of the third-floor window?"

Low— "I had on my light fall suit."—Ex.

A little boy was trying to ring a doorbell, but couldn't reach it. A man, passing by, walked up to the lad and said: "Here my boy, let me ring it for you." The man rang the bell.

"Now run like the devil, mister," said the boy, as he took to his heels.—Ex.

Off-Stage Voice— "Daughter, Daughter, Isn't that young man gone yet?"

Daughter— "No, father, but I've got him going."—Ex.

"Why did you put on your hat?" she asked. He whistled softly, "Chili Bean."—Ex.

He— "You didn't know who I was at the game yesterday, did you?"

She— "No, who were you?"—Ex.

"How about Jones who didn't have money to get a season ticket? How did he get in?"

"Oh, there was a banana peel at the gateway and he went in on his face."—Ex.

"Is Jones lazy?"

"Lazy is no name for it. Why he'll go into a revolving door, and then wait for somebody to come in and turn it around."—Ex.

After trying for three minutes to get a line straight, while at dress, the Captain said, "That line is as crooked as a corkscrew. Fall out all of you and take a look at it."—Ex.

Daughter—Who was Hamlet?

Father—Why I am ashamed of you, bring me the Bible and I will show you.—Ex.



The cat is one of the most common of domestic animals, in fact it could be called *the* most common, as practically every house-hold possesses one of these quadruples.

There are many kinds of cats, varying from large to small, black to white and mild to fierce. However one description will hold for any breed, color or size, cat. Taking an ordinary full-grown specimen it can be seen that the animal is about a foot and a half long from nose to tip of tail, this however is mostly tail with perhaps the exception of bob-tailed cats, whose tail is about one-fifteenth of the entire length. Since the animal stands on four feet it is naturally broader than it is tall, so that it hardly ever attains a height greater than twelve inches except when reared up on its hind legs. Like most quadrupedss cats have four legs, all of which have a paw. In rare cases legs have double paws. Just above the front legs and

slightly forward there is a head which supports the usual feature such as eyes, ears, etc.; and also an abundance of long whiskers. Altho' a cat's face cannot be termed beautiful, still we have to admit there is a lot of expression signifying unusual intelligence or otherwise. In passing it might be well to state that the ears are abnormally large in comparison with the rest of the head. The back is parallel to the object on which the beast is standing but can be raised in the center to show indignation or disapproval. The tail is a continuation of the back, the circumference of which is about one inch, this last dimension referring to the tail and not the back. When this extension is switched nervously from side to side it denotes extreme anger.

For some unknown reason cats are called phorphorus by college men.



Translating French:—Bon jour, bon cavalier.
Good morning, good knight.

Miss Caswell:—Why was "Henry Esmond" so called?

Fish, (half asleep)—I dunno, his father's name was Esmond, wasn't it?

STUDENT COUNCIL

Pres:—Is there anything else to take up?

Mim.—Yes, a little time.

"David Copperfield" could be more interesting, but for a school book I guess it's all right.

Miss Caswell:—What book have you read the most times.

Gil.—I'd hate to tell you.

Miss H.—Who was Keats?

Brightness—Haven't you ever heard of Keith's Circuit?

Miss H.—Oh! I see.

Mr. C. (explaining a theorem in geometry)—This is H down here.

They are going to have girl ushers in the Senior play.

Dodge:—What are those?

Senior:—O, they lead you to your seat.

Dodge:—I thot they were some musical instrument.

Pupil, (reciting on the "Tale of Two Cities")—It turned out that four of the men's names were "Jacques." (Laughter from the class.)

Miss Caswell:—That's nothing to laugh at. You've got to get used to that name "Jacques."

Whiting, criticizing a recitation by Leonard: 'It was given in a very sympathetic posture.

Litchfield in English:—I know a girl who has a Canadian brother.

Barnes (telling Burke's life)—He went out into the literary world and got married.

A Senior, translating "Sur la terre, dans le ciel"
"On earth and in the sky."

Miss Ray—No not in the sky but in heaven. I do wish you would become acquainted with the other place opposite earth.

Miss Caswell:—Do you think that Napoleon was a great general?



Simon: I'm going to part my hair in the middle to-morrow.

Fish: Yeh! So am I.

Barnes:—Yes, because he won every battle and conquered most of Europe. Besides he would have won the Battle of Waterloo but they say that he had indigestion.

Late for class, Khoury rushes past Miss Tarbell.

Miss T.—Something funny must have got by me!

Miss Ray (very much mixed up as to which is the barrel and which, the hilt of a gun)—Well, you see I never took fencing lessons.

In French 3A—"What is 'cocktail' in French?"

Dick—"Bout de coq!"

Nickerson—"I've got a towel from every hotel in the west, at home."

ENGLISH 3A

Miss Caswell—"What about the head of this family?"

Eleanor—"It was bald!"

Virgil—"recepti nequequam cineres—"

Dot Pond—"In rain I have sifted the ashes of my father!"

Miss Tarbell—"What is resonance?"

Khoury—"It's the place where you live!"

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"Why didn't you send a man to mend my electric bell?"

"He did go, Madame, but as he rang twice and got no answer, he concluded there was no one home."—Ex.

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INSURANCE

The girls in Paris aren't wearing skirts any longer.

What!

They've decided that they're long enough.

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Flo:—Do you think a girl should learn to love before twenty?

Fli:—Nope! Too large an audience.

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Burglar—Lie still and keep quiet. I'm looking for money.

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Who declared, "My suspender St. Ohn;
He started to blush
And a dame had to gush,
"Don't worry, your trouser St. Gohn."—Ex.

Harold:—"That soprano had a very large
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His senses nearly reeling;
And now and then he would venture a look—
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Ike:—"Dat's too bad. Giff me my match."

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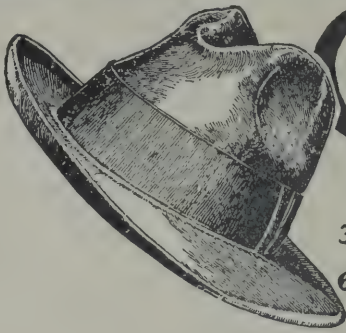
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Tourist:—"What's he rubbing himself on the
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Native:—"Jest stropping hisself, suh, jest
stropping hisself."

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Of whom I can not joke:
Who says, "Let's not go out to-night."
The evening I am broke.

May I see the thinnest thing you have in
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I'm very sorry, sir, she's out to lunch.

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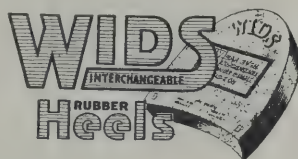
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S. S. T.:—"Correct."—Ex.

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Fat—What makes you so little?

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